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SSE GUNS FOR CBS

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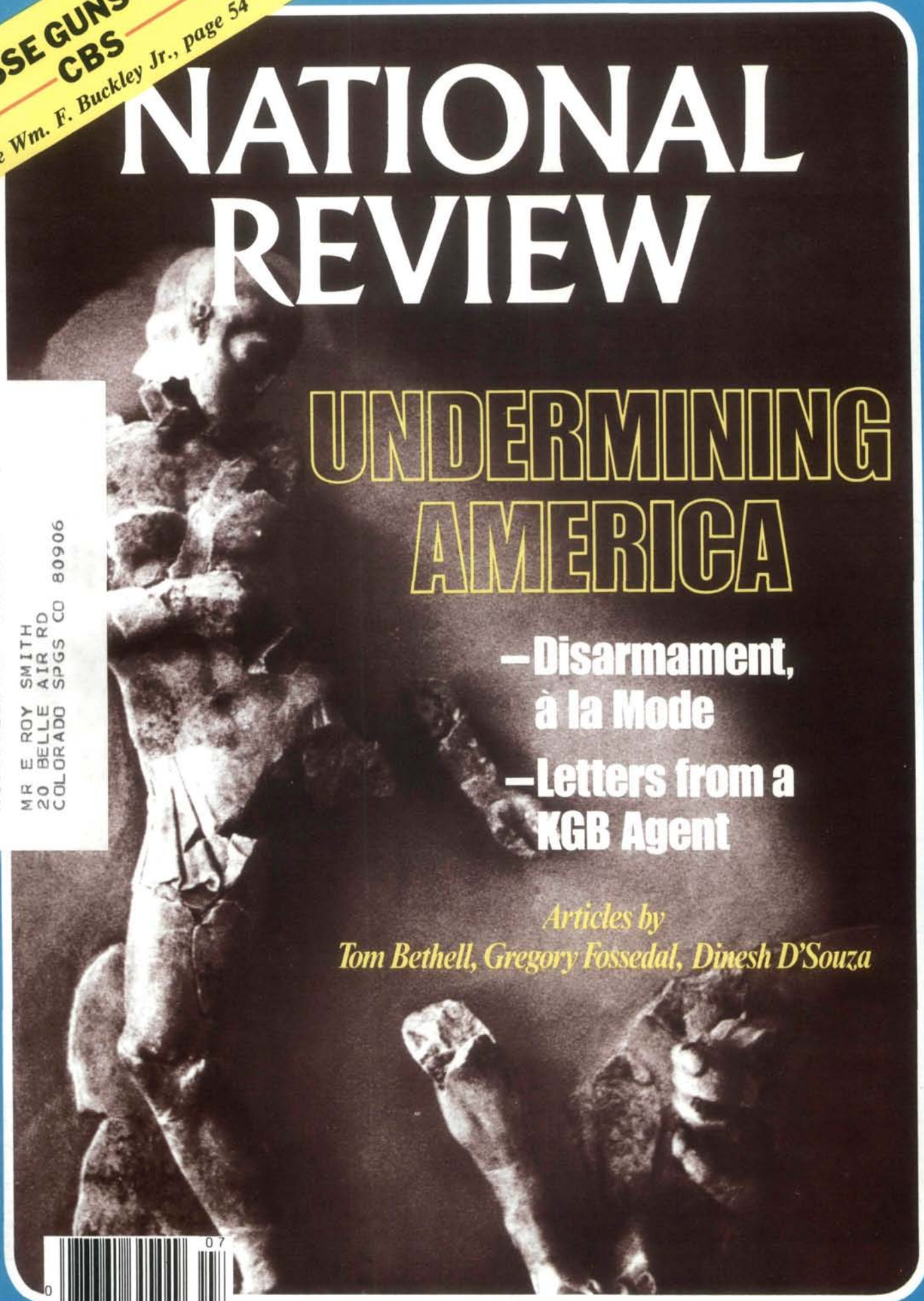
NATIONAL REVIEW



UNDERMINING AMERICA

—Disarmament, à la Mode

—Letters from a KGB Agent

Articles by
Tom Bethell, Gregory Fossedal, Dinesh D'Souza

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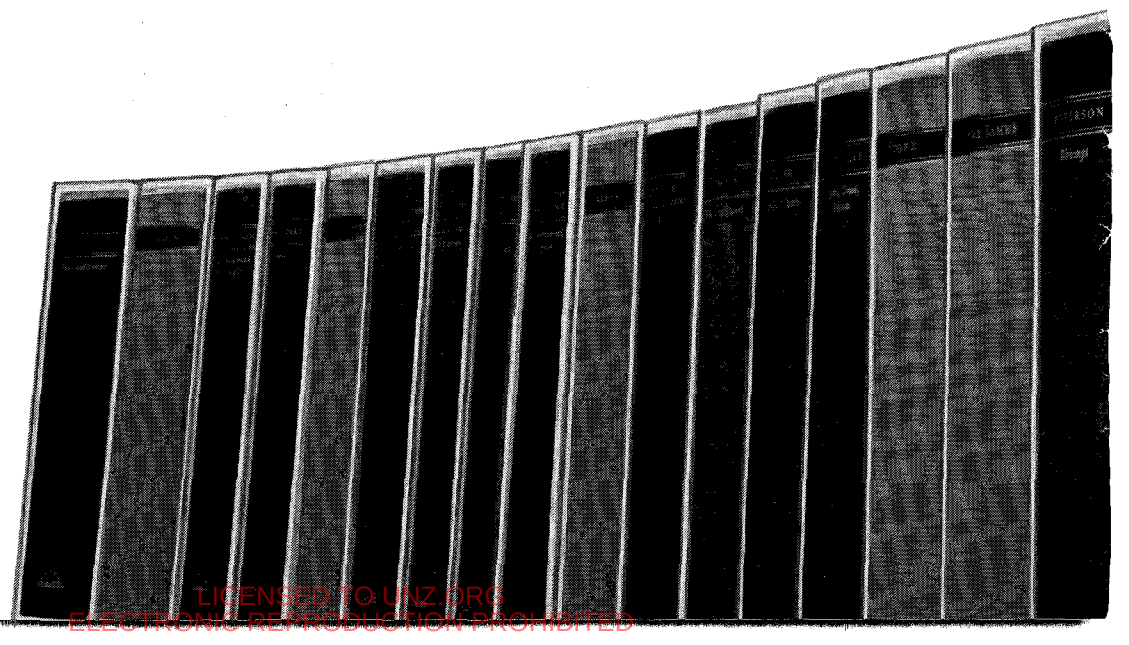

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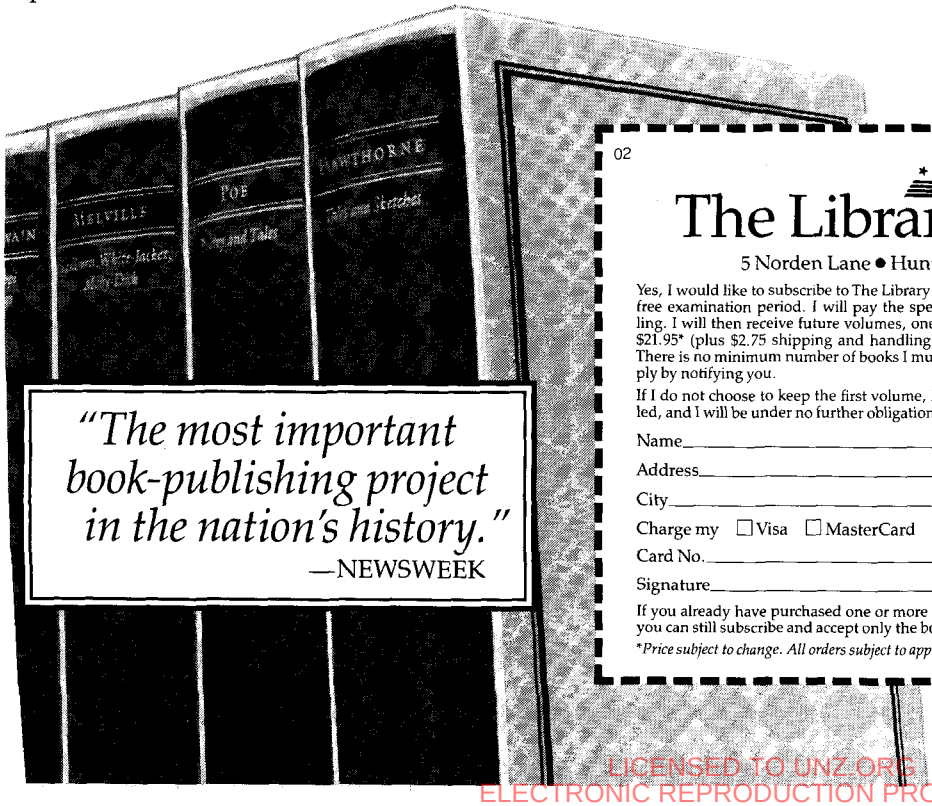

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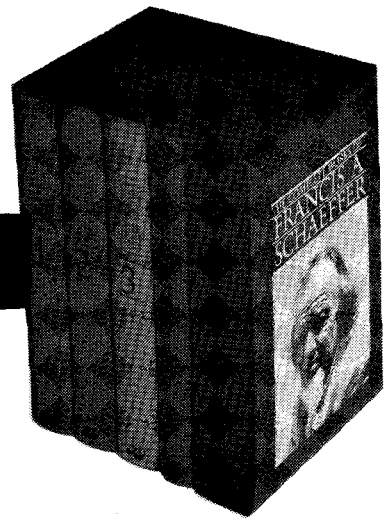

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LETTERS

Out in Left Field

Mr. Sobran's article on Bernhard Goetz ["The Natives Are Restless," Feb. 22] summed up nicely the anti-mainstream attitudes of the *New York Times* and the Democratic establishment. I found their initial response to the Goetz case maddening, but things have gone from bad to worse. Now Mayor Koch has put extra policemen in the subways, because of the surprising revelation that people are scared. It's a nice gesture, but it's been a long time coming. How can anyone not have realized until now that New Yorkers were afraid and angry? The liberal establishment is so far removed from regular people that it takes something like the Goetz incident to give it any idea of what's going on.

Vincent Garvey
Middle Village, N.Y.

Hit the Mark

Mr. John Tagg's review of Governor Cuomo's address at Notre Dame concerning abortion ["Understanding Mario Cuomo," Feb. 8] begins with high praise for Cuomo's speaking abilities.

I must inform Mr. Tagg that his writing skill and analysis of Cuomo's political nature, as well as of the abortion issue and its impact on the future of this nation—are at least as brilliant; and indeed, by weight of opinions expressed, better. His article was on target.

One major point always to keep before us—how could we have let all of those Stephen Douglases get to Washington in the first place?

Michael S. Ruxlow
Homestead, Fla.

John Tagg has correctly determined that Cuomo's "consensus" option with respect to abortion "is to do absolutely nothing whatever to restrict abortion."

Such was also clear to me when, in the question session following Cuomo's talk at Notre Dame, I posed the following:

Q: Under the laws of your state, Governor, it is murder whether you pull the trigger or finance the gunman; how then can you distinguish this case from your authorization of the public financing of abortions?

A: Not everyone believes abortion is murder.

Q: But you said you accepted the teaching of the Church that abortion was the taking of innocent life?

A: I do.

Q: Then why don't you actively work to restrict abortion?

A: Let me ask you a question. Would you have me legislate against divorce, contraception, homosexuality—and what do I do about AIDS? I have the questions. I don't have the answers.

So much is obvious. Tagg sums it up well when he says, "Cuomo is free to believe in the inalienable rights of man or not. He is free to believe in the sanctity of human life or not. But he cannot say that he believes in both of them yet assents to a public policy of abortion on demand."

Your readers interested in this subject, and in the general topic of religion and politics, might wish to obtain the symposium issue on "Law and Morality" in this quarter's *Journal of Law, Ethics & Public Policy* (available for $6 from the Thomas J. White Center on Law and Government, Notre Dame Law School, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556). The issue contains Cuomo's text in full as well as the eloquent response of Henry Hyde and further essays by various scholars and public figures including, among others, Ronald Reagan.

Douglas W. Kmiec
Director, Thomas J. White Center on Law and Government
Notre Dame Law School
Notre Dame, Ind.

In John Tagg's article, "Understanding Mario Cuomo," Mr. Tagg mentions "Governor Cuomo's restraint in imposing his personal morality upon public policy," but he fails to mention how hypocritical Cuomo's assertion is. It's a well-known fact that the citizens of New York and their legislators are emphatically for capital punishment, whereas Cuomo has vetoed capital punishment because his "personal morality" is against it.

Emery Peslen
Spring Hill, Fla.

Green Side of the Wall

I would add the following comments to those made by Michael Greve in "Greens against the West" [Dec. 28].

1. The movement's popularity stems in part from fairly widespread dissatisfaction with the more established parties in

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certain key domestic areas, chiefly environmental, which deeply concern many Germans of various ages across the political spectrum. The Greens exploit this effectively, and regularly attract a sizable "protest" vote, particularly in local elections, by appealing to a diverse group that includes persons with a pro-West, pro-NATO orientation who nevertheless respond favorably to their arguments on specific issues.

2. In coming to grips with this problem, one of the challenges facing German conservatives is to begin dealing constructively with these underlying concerns, in a manner both acceptable to their traditional constituencies and calculated to broaden their base of popular support. This would never be easy, and is now even more difficult because of charges of corruption being leveled against prominent members of the ruling coalition (CDU-CSU/FDP), which have placed it on the defensive, raised doubts about its long-term capacity to govern, and provided a good target and ample ammunition for political opponents.

3. Most of the other critical unresolved issues are currently on the left: whether the Greens will fragment or achieve some unifying combination of "purity" and "pragmatism," the extent to which they will be able to align themselves with the SPD, and the nature of any "Red-Green" coalition that may eventually emerge. Considering the SPD's own ideological drift, it will be interesting to see which group actually predominates in the event of an alliance.

Terry Broderick
Stuttgart, West Germany

Michael Greve is correct in saying that the West German Green Party is a threat to German democracy, but to ground the threat on Germany's "dubious traditions" is going a bit too far. He goes on to portray the German people as a hopeless mix of negative "ism"s, instinctively driven to nihilism. The fact is, Germans highly value their democracy. They know more about it than most Americans do, and prove it repeatedly by going to the polls in droves.

Just what is "excessive craving for national unity," anyway? Was the American Civil War an "excessive" response to preserve our own unity? Besides, the average German does not want reunification at all costs, and many with no relatives in the East don't care at all.

Mr. Greve's connection of the Green Party to the Nazi past betrays a basic dislike of Germans. Actually, the Greens do not differ substantially from the more leftward-leaning elements of our own

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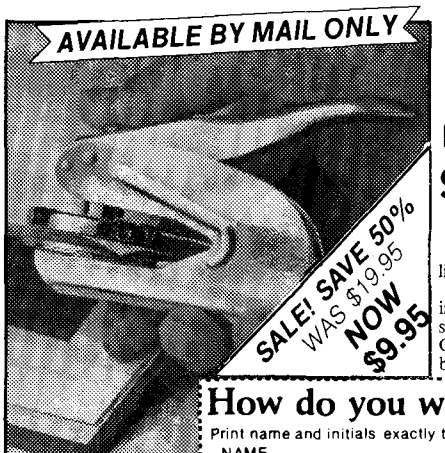

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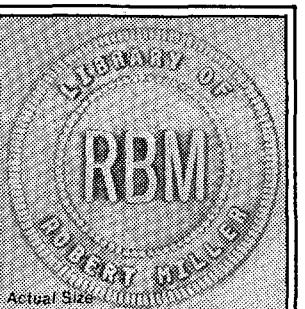

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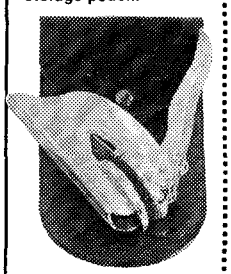

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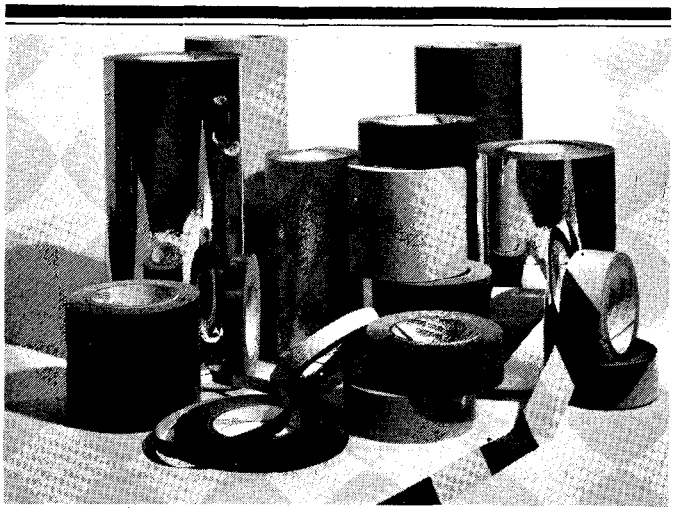

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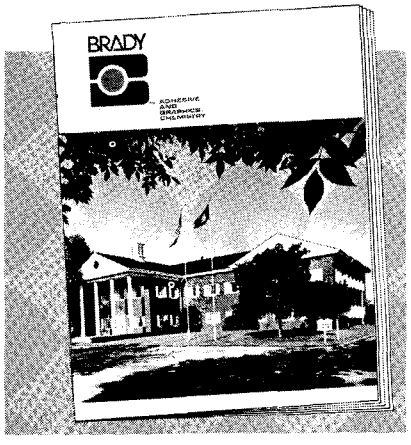

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Democratic Party. Has a Green said anything more preposterous than the Reverend Jesse Jackson?

Philip W. Noss
Dover, N.H.

Matched Masterpieces

John Simon's review of Bertrand Tavernier's *A Sunday in the Country* [Feb. 8] is, like the film, a work of art. I have never read a review that so perfectly matched its subject in tone and feeling and intelligence. When I came out of the theater after seeing the film, I was in that trance-like state that comes only when you have been in the presence of transcendent beauty. After reading Simon's review, I sat in silence for a few moments, savoring the rhythms and the sounds of Simon's prose.

Years from now, human beings will be experiencing Tavernier's masterpiece with that same sense of awe and thanks —and they will be reading Simon's review, which will be read not only for what it says about a film but for what it says about the human heart. Thank you, Mr. Simon.

William F. Gavin
McLean, Va.

Peace Work

Readers wishing to become more familiar with the Soviet "Groups to Establish Trust" described in B. Jicinski's "The Peace Issue Goes East" [Jan. 11] may wish to obtain a volume of 57 documents issued by the groups and individual members. Compiled, translated, and edited by the staff of the Commission on Security and Cooperation in Europe (Helsinki Commission), the volume can be obtained free of charge, while they last, from the Commission, Room 237, House Annex II, Washington, D.C. 20515.

John Finerty
Staff Assistant, CSCE
Washington, D.C.

Wishful Thinking

Anthony Harrigan, in the concluding remarks of his article "Ignoring the Past" [Jan. 11], has done exactly that. Falling into the trap of the kind of thinking that has produced the Neville Chamberlains of this world, he proclaims, "goodness is part of human nature." St. Paul and history would vehemently disagree. And as for the unfounded speculation that the evils of totalitarianism "in time . . . surely will be diluted by ancient civilizational values that will rise to the surface," well, I've heard of wishful thinking, but really . . .

L. J. Etheridge
Upper Arlington, Ohio

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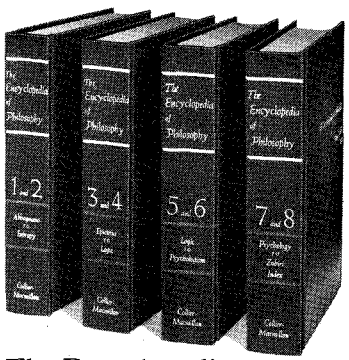

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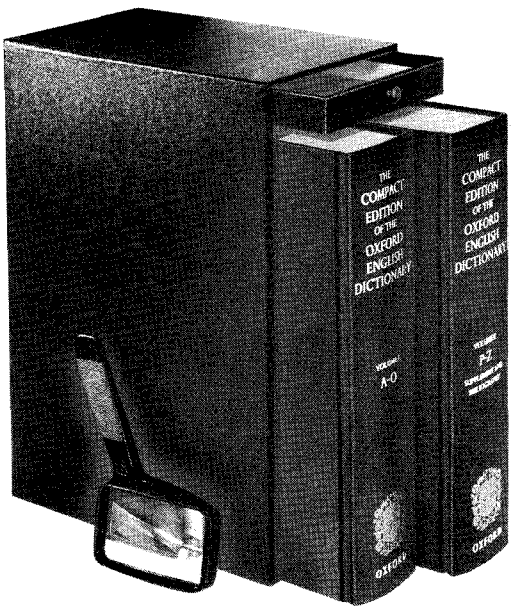

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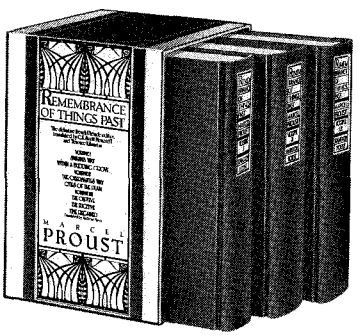

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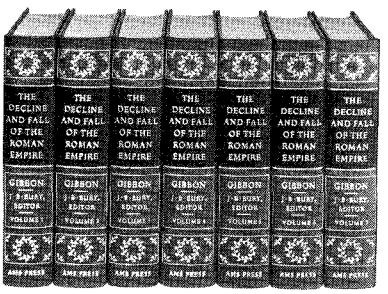

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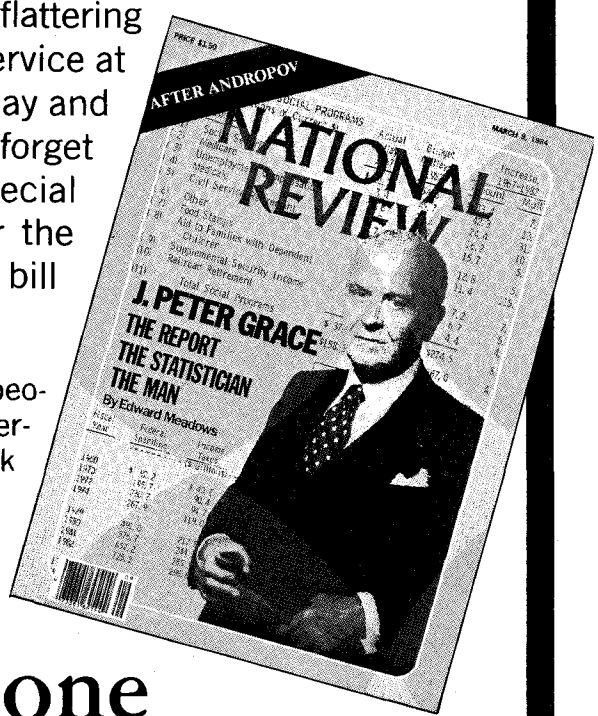

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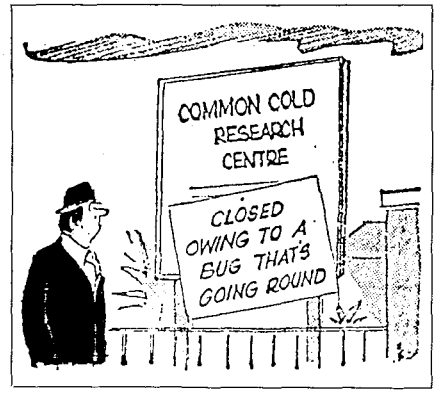
FOR THE RECORD

Lucky for **Patrick Buchanan** he didn't need press approval to take post as White House Director of Communications. "Why do you need him and what will you do with him?" "Why did you appoint him if . . . he sees the press as an enemy?"—a sample of the bristly questions press asked new White House Chief of Staff **Donald Regan** when he announced Buchanan appointment. . . . Regan's appointment of **Max Friedersdorf** as legislative strategy coordinator is seen as smart move. If Administration's tax-reform proposal is to get through Congress, it will need shrewd White House handling. Friedersdorf, as chief legislative lobbyist for Reagan's 1981 economic package, got lots of the credit when it won congressional approval. . . . Tax-reform proposal is getting support from surprising quarter. **Evans & Novak** report Senate Finance Committee Chairman **Robert Packwood**, no Reaganite, told them he approves 80 to 85 per cent of the package. **David Broder** also thinks passage is possible; he cites example of Wisconsin Governor **Tony Earl**, a liberal Democrat, who is offering a state-tax-reform program that Broder calls "Reaganesque." "I came to believe," says Earl, "that the purpose of a tax system should be to raise needed revenue, not shove economic activity or social policy in a certain direction." There is talk that Earl has plans to run for Senate seat now held by GOP Senator **Robert Kasten** (of Kemp-Kasten).

At recent Washington convention of religious broadcasters, Moral Majority head **Jerry Falwell** surprised many evangelicals and Washington pols by suggesting **George Bush** is his man for '88. Introducing Bush, Falwell referred to him as "the Pres . . . er, I mean the Vice of the United States." Bush laughed and replied, "Jerry, there are some Supreme Court appointments that I'd like to talk to you about." . . .



Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph*/Rothco

Paul G. Kirk, former aide to **Ted Kennedy** and new head of Democratic National Committee, has already angered Democrats black and Southern. Blacks got angry when Kirk didn't push for election of Black Caucus/**Jesse Jackson**-candidate Mayor **Richard Hatcher** as vice-chairman of DNC. Instead, Democrats chose **Roland Burris**, comptroller of Illinois, who is black but not a Jacksonian black. Some Southern Democrats don't view Kirk as an asset in gaining Dixie Democrats. "I doubt seriously," said **Bob Slagle**, chairman of Texas branch of DNC, "that people in Texas will think electing a Kennedy chief of staff as party chairman is a moderate signal." Slagle threatened to go it alone, without help of DNC. Kirk tried to smooth things with Southern Dems by inviting them to fence-mending meeting in Atlanta. . . . Angry over Hatcher defeat, Jesse Jackson said Democrats are trying to prove "they can be tough on blacks." Blacks, he said, should re-assess their loyalty to Democratic Party, and he had this advice for Democrats: "The political growth industry in this nation is in the poor, females, young people, blacks, Hispanics, Asians." . . . **Melvin L. Bradley** wants blacks to take Jackson's advice about their loyalty to Democrats. Bradley, special assistant to President Reagan, is highest-ranking black in the White House. Bradley says blacks may not like some Reagan words, but they like his actions—advocacy of enterprise zones, help for black colleges, and the push for excellence in education.

After four years, **Evan G. Galbraith**, U.S. ambassador to France, is leaving his post in July. In *New York Times* interview with **John Vinocur**, Galbraith made clear his feelings about State Department. It, he said, "desperately needs to be vigorously harnessed. It has too big a role to play in the formulation of foreign policy." To win promotion, a Foreign Service Officer has to avoid trouble. "He learns in time," Galbraith said, "to have a horror of confrontation"—something never said of Galbraith during his French stay. . . . Former Senator **James L. Buckley**, now Munich-based president of Radio Free Europe-Radio Liberty, has informed Board of International Broadcasting that he will be returning to the States in the fall. Buckley plans to join Washington law firm. . . . Connecticut GOP wants Senator **Lowell Weicker** to come home and run for governor in 1986 against Democratic incumbent **William O'Neill**. "I want him to run—the whole Republican organization wants him to run," says Connecticut GOP chairman **Tom D'Amours**. His GOP colleagues in Senate probably want him to run for governor even more than state GOP. . . . "It's not good enough to stand outside of government and criticize," said *Conservative Digest* publisher **Richard Viguerie**, as he announced his candidacy for GOP nomination for lieutenant governor of Virginia. . . . We haven't heard the last from **Geraldine Ferraro**. She and her mother are going through old letters with a view to publishing a mother-daughter book. There's also a rumor that TV producer **Linda Yellen** (*Prisoner without a Name, Cell without a Number*—the Jacobo Timerman story) will do a docudrama of Mrs. Ferraro's life and times.

War on Ethiopian cellulite. Soviet news agency TASS reports that USSR and Ethiopia have signed an agreement that will bring Soviet advisors to help develop aerobics in Ethiopia, where fatness must be a problem. **Tesfaye Shafo**, deputy commissar of Ethiopian sports commission, says his country plans lots of exercises to improve condition of people.

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THE WEEK

☐ Repeal the Twenty-Sixth Amendment, anyone?

☐ Lou Cannon, the *Washington Post*'s principal Reagan-watcher, has his doubts about Reagan's new Chief of Communications, Patrick Buchanan (see below). While he was a columnist, you see, Buchanan *disagreed* with Reagan on some issues: arms control, and two others we can't make out from Cannon's flaccid description. The obvious fact is that Buchanan and his new boss see eye to eye about nearly everything central, and there isn't likely to be any conflict between them. Cannon isn't spotting friction—he's trying to create it. Why? Well, one clue is that he indignantly quotes Buchanan's campaign remark that the American news media were acting as the "polemical and publicity arm of American liberalism" and were the "strategic reserve" of the Mondale-Ferraro campaign. Buchanan was of course right on target. Cannon is the guy who complained a couple of years ago that Reagan was getting "a fairer press than he deserves."

☐ Before the Meese case fades from memory, let it be said that the Senate Judiciary Committee's treatment of Ed Meese rates a special niche in the annals of hypocrisy. He had already been formally cleared of any breach of the law after an ordeal of more than a year, including an exhaustive inquiry by a virtual special prosecutor. The investigation blew away even the famous "appearance of impropriety." Yet such moral poseurs as Joseph Biden of Delaware and (*summa cum chutzpah*) Howard Metzenbaum of Ohio treated him, before the TV cameras, as a moral derelict. Contrast the House Ethics Committee's treatment of Geraldine Ferraro last fall. Though she had been found guilty of repeatedly breaking the law, the committee went out of its way to say, implausibly, that she knew not what she did. It was apparently too much to expect her to understand the law, she being a poor little lawyer, prosecutor, and congresswoman. So Ed Meese abides by the law and suffers humiliation; Gerry Ferraro flouts the law and practically gets an apology from those who ventured to point that out.

☐ The United States Government, the issue having been debated in every forum in the land, moved last year to place cruise missiles and Pershing IIs in Western Europe. President Reagan's decision to go through with the deployment, and NATO's decision to accept the weapons, was a major, perhaps *the* major, diplomatic victory of the decade for the West. A fortnight ago, when Belgian Premier Wilfried Martens arrived in Washington to confer with President Reagan, he received a letter from 13 Democratic congressmen urging him to work against deployment (scheduled for Belgium next month). Is that so wrong? Yes, when you consider that: 1) The congressmen were attempting to make foreign policy, unilaterally and without portfolio; 2) They were interfering in the domestic affairs of another nation; 3) They were giving material assistance to forces in Belgium interested in bringing down Martens's Christian Democratic government, on this, or any other issue; and 4) They were endangering the NATO alliance. Five of the dissenters—Mickey Leland (Tex.), Ron Dellums (Calif.), Parren Mitchell (Md.), and John Conyers and George Crockett (Mich.)—are members of the Congressional Black Caucus, which wonders why it isn't taken more seriously, and four of them—Crockett, Patricia Schroeder (Colo.), Nick Mavroules (Mass.), and Ted Weiss (N.Y.)—are members of either the House Armed Services or Foreign Relations Committee, and should know better.

☐ Anti-Semitism today is a phenomenon of the Left. Beginning with the last days of Stalin, and accelerating after the 1967 war, anti-Semitism has been an explicit element of Soviet policy. The worldwide

Reluctant Valentines

Big Labor loves the Democrats,
But in the party, some
Would like to cool the smooching down
Before their lips turn numb.
They'd like to sell the love seat and
The sofa on the porch,
Then, maybe, carry Michigan
Instead of just a torch.

W. H. VON DREELE

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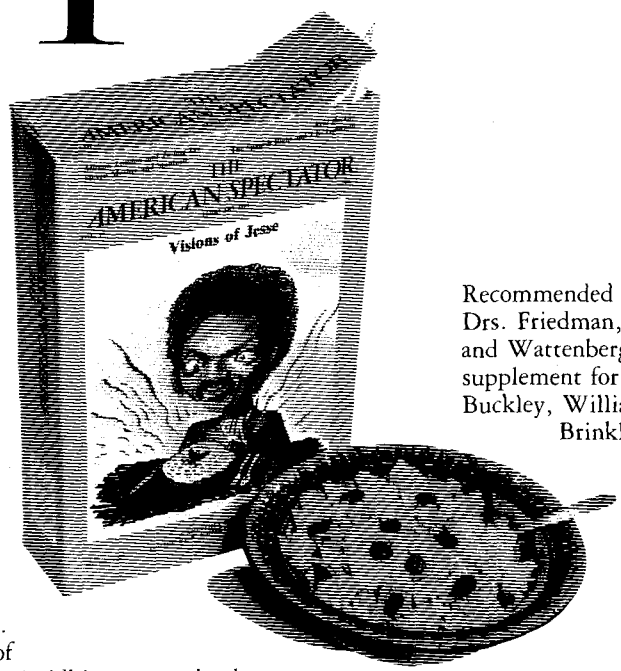
Cerebral supplement.



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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

A FAVORED WASHINGTON indulgence after a major political event—like the State of the Union—is to separate out winners from losers. The consensus has it that on this particular event (SOU) the Senate Majority Leader, Bob Dole, was a heavy loser. To Mr. Dole's dismay, and to Mr. Kemp's delight, Ronald Reagan spent hardly thirty explicit seconds of his speech on the deficit or on Dole's vaunted economic austerity program to curb it. "There are some," averred the President, paraphrasing Dole's earlier admonitions, "who say that growth initiatives must await final action on deficit reductions. Well, the best way to reduce deficits is through economic growth." Hearing this, one conservative scribe commented that the SOU's driving message was that "Bob Dole was run over by a truck, Ronald Reagan was driving it, and Jack Kemp was riding shotgun."

After the address (written by the talented White House speech-writing team of Ben Elliott and Peggy Noonan), Dole appeared on NBC television and lamented, "I wish the President had spent a little more time on the deficit." Kemp, on the other hand, was ecstatic: "We've won, we've won," he exclaimed to aides, after reading an advance text. Growth, remember, is the *leitmotif* of Kemp's economic opera.

Dole's chastisement will probably be ineffective, however. "He's a tough nut who will do what he damned-well pleases," says one cagey Democratic analyst. Some melancholy supply-siders agree. "Dole may be the big loser in the SOU," says one Kempite, "but he's winning tactically. The budget is way out in front of tax reform, and Dole can keep it there." Within days of Reagan's November 6 landslide, recalls a conservative congressional aide, "Stockman and Dole came out with an austerity budget. It made precious little difference to them that 59 per cent of the electorate voted for growth and no taxes."

One of the sweeter sounds heard in this city in many a moon was the collective groan from the Washington press corps when it got word that conservative columnist and broadcaster Patrick J. Buchanan had been appointed White House Director of Communications. Since his Nixon White House days, Buchanan has been an inveterate media-basher. The press remembers all too well Spiro Agnew's trenchant zappings of the fourth estate, products of PJB's shiv-like pen.

Conservatives are rhapsodically united in their response to Buchanan's accession, seeing in it hopeful evidence that the Reagan second term will be ideologically less squishy. "Before Buchanan we had some access through Ed Meese," notes a Hill Reaganite, "but no advocacy. Pat gives us both, plus real and articulate conservatism."

Two questions on the appointment continue to circulate here: Why did Pat give up a media forum of remarkable reach for his conservative ideas, plus an annual income of more than $300,000, to endure the frustrations and abuse of a pressure-cooker job where everybody, even the President, stands to the left of him? He was sold on the idea by Ken Khachigian, the mastermind and engineer of the whole scheme. Khachigian, an outside consultant, speechwriter, and man-Friday to Ronald Reagan, and a former aide to Buchanan during the Nixon days, stressed to Pat that with Jim Baker and Richard Darman out of the White House, he would be playing on a level field where his ideas and insights into policy would be taken seriously, without the isolation suffered by Pat during the Nixon Administration.

Then Khachigian went to work on Don Regan, the new White House chief of staff, persuading him that what he needed more than anything else was a press chief who knew the media professionally, inside and out, a journalistic practitioner with gifted and proven political acumen. Only in a tertiary way was Regan influenced by Pat's other asset, namely his ability to defang the right. What appealed to Regan most was the fact that Pat was a professional, ditto Max Friedersdorf and Ed Rollins, legislative and political White House counselors respectively. After Regan, Khachigian then enlisted a few other principals, and the whole kitchen cabinet got into the act.

It remains to be seen whether Pat will prevail in a face-off with, say, George Shultz over, say, Geneva. If push comes to shove, few doubt that Reagan and Regan would march in behind Shultz, and Pat could conceivably become the boy in the bubble. But right now, with his heavy guns, in a matchless redoubt, and with supplies enough to hold out indefinitely, Pat is poised to lob hot ammo into the circles of pragmatism and wait for the Right to arrive. One thing is certain: With Buchanan's armament and energy, Ronald Reagan can kiss his lame-duck image good-bye. —CATO

Left—the UN, the global-affairs bureaucracies of mainline churches, etc.—has swung round. Jesse Jackson's links to anti-Semites, home-grown and foreign, were so intimate that the Democratic Party could not pass a resolution at its convention condemning anti-Semitism, for fear of alienating him. And yet American Jewish voters remain remarkably unwilling, if provisional exit polls are to be credited, to cross the political aisle; Reagan's Jewish vote—about 35 per cent—was almost the reverse of his vote among the population at large. Liberals attribute this to the unshakable moral sense of Jewish Americans. Lucy Dawidowicz, pondering the question in *Commentary*, advances other theories. Jewish liberalism was originally shaped "by the politics of emancipation in Western and Central Europe," which gave Jews a habit of siding with the Left. It also instilled in them universalist prejudices that take acute and excessive alarm at phenomena like Moral Majority. (Jerry Falwell, in the closing days of the campaign, became the demon-refrain of Mondale's speeches.) "This attitude of alienation," writes Mrs. Dawidowicz, "is a danger to the political health of the Jewish community. . . [Jews need] to live in this world, not in the world of the politically utopian. Among other things, this means staking out an independent position and resisting an automatic commitment, either to the Democrats or to the Republicans."

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A Terminal Case

When wear and tear decree it's time
To tell the boss, "I quit,"
The urge to let it all hang out
Is almost exquisite.
So Stockman scorned the farmers' dole
And zapped the Pentagon—
Whose pensions do recall the perks
In swinging Babylon.

W. H. VON DREELE

☐ Who will succeed the ailing Konstantin Chernenko? George Will knows. In fact, he has already written a portrait of him: Ivan X, moderate. " 'He is a high-tech, "new ideas," Gary Hart-type appealing to Soviet Yuppies,' said a Yale Kremlinologist. . . . It is common knowledge that Mr. X snacks on Twinkies delivered by diplomatic pouch. 'Clearly,' says a State Department Soviet expert, 'he is cosmopolitan, breaking the mold of insularity.' . . . State Department officials warn that it would be 'superficial' to draw 'premature' conclusions based on the 'mere facts' of his life, which 'on the surface' follows the traditional career path of the Soviet elite. 'True,' a U.S. official says, 'Mr. X has spent 27 years arresting people, but he probably has got all that out of his system' . . . 'Seasoned observers' believe Mr. X opposed the Soviet suppression of East Germany, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Poland, favors 'liberalization' of concentration camps, and is a middle-of-the-roader regarding the psychiatric 'hospitals.' The State Department considers it 'encouraging' that Mr. X has risen to power while privately opposing every significant Soviet policy in his lifetime."

☐ Last April in Yugoslavia six people were arrested for attending one of a series of meetings in Belgrade devoted to discussions ranging from parapsychology to domestic politics. At this particular meeting, the speaker was Milovan Djilas and his subject was Yugoslavia's nationality question. The case went to trial in November. After several postponements, the Yugoslavian court handed down its verdict early in February. Three people were convicted of disseminating "hostile propaganda" against the state. Among the propaganda was something as incendiary as a paper used as part of a master's thesis at Brandeis University. One defendant was sentenced to two years in prison, another to 18 months, and another to a year. The headline of the next day's *New York Times*: "Three Yugoslav Dissidents Given Mild Sentences."

☐ An American naval magazine has run a story, pieced together from inferences and stray facts, about a mutiny on board a Soviet warship. In 1975, on the anniversary of the October Revolution, the missile frigate *Storozhevoy* steamed out of Riga for Sweden, before it was finally chased down and turned back. The crew was sullen because of lousy conditions and ethnic hatred; the sailor who phoned in the alarm was at first dismissed as a drunk; Soviet planes strafed one of their own pursuing ships; the ringleaders were executed; and the whole thing has been hushed up for ten years. A typical Soviet operation. The battle of Tsushima Strait looks better all the time.

☐ In our last issue we referred to a Radio Liberty commentator's "apparently credulous reference to the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*," a reference cited in *The New Republic* to support a charge that Radio Liberty traffics in anti-Semitism. The record has been cleared up in a letter to *The New Republic* by two of Radio Liberty's officers, Frank Shakespeare and Ben Wattenberg. The *Protocols* were explicitly treated in the broadcast in question not as an authoritative document, but as a "vile anti-Semitic forgery." Now back to McCarthyism.

☐ The beleaguered campus left seems to have worked out a new technique to combat the rising tide of young conservative newspapers. Threats from deans and other college administrators availeth not, neither do boycotts of local advertisers. So, leftists have launched law suits. The *Dartmouth Review* is in the process of beating down a suit by a disconsolate professor of music, who thought his injured ego required several million, and now is being sued on frivolous grounds by an assistant chaplain, who objects to publicity about his leftist and downright peculiar opinions. Harassment is in the air, and the First Amendment has serious enemies on the college campus.

☐ Reflections on "docudramas." The recent five-hour CBS mini-series *The Atlanta Child Murders* reminds us once again of the problems with this bastard genre, a combination of history and fiction. Abby Mann, who wrote and co-produced the film, calls it a "crusade." He is convinced that the convicted Wayne Williams is innocent, yet introduces no new evidence tending to prove that. Mann's "evidence" consists of brilliant, dramatic performances by Jason Robards, Rip Torn, and many others. Jason Robards's defense attorney's rustic decency makes the point that Williams must be innocent; Torn's glowering menace as prosecutor makes the same point. Mann's general view seems to be that "establishments"—and the Atlanta establishment is black—are bound to be corrupt, and that the Atlanta establishment needed a scapegoat. The film lurches in the direction of "racism" every now and then, but itself

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subverts the whole notion. It may be legitimate to argue an intuitive thesis in dramatic terms, even employing fiction; the "historical" record always has plenty of blank places. But a jury did convict Wayne Williams. The Georgia Supreme Court upheld conviction. Abby Mann has come up with no new evidence. No murders have turned up since Williams was taken into custody. Crusaders, beware.

☐ That seven soldiers and Marines should be jailed for trying to smuggle home automatic weapons captured in Grenada, while an admiral who attempted to bring in 24 of them went free, is obviously wrong. But then the question arises: Was the Navy too soft on Admiral Joseph Metcalf III, who pleads ignorance of the regulations governing personal pre-emption of captured weapons, or were the Army and the Marine Corps too harsh in their treatment of the captain and six NCOs who tried to hang on to their war trophies? Probably the latter, when you consider the rusting Japanese, German, Chinese, and North Korean guns and swords this generation of American servicemen has seen at home, souvenirs of the wars their fathers fought, and also won.

☐ It is reported that Dr. Maarouf Al-Dawalibi, the Saudi Arabian delegate to the United Nations, told the UN's Seminar on Religious Tolerance and Freedom that, "If a Jew does not drink every year the blood of a non-Jewish man, then he will be damned for eternity," and we say, he's the right man in the right place.

☐ Federal authorities are cracking down on—Cabbage Patch Dolls. The dolls come with "birth certificates," which could be used to obtain federal welfare benefits, and since the authorities have no end of trouble telling the difference between people and dolls . . .

☐ Chauffeuring services for getting officials around Washington, D.C., costs a miserly $3.5 million a year, yet some taxpayers are actually upset about it.

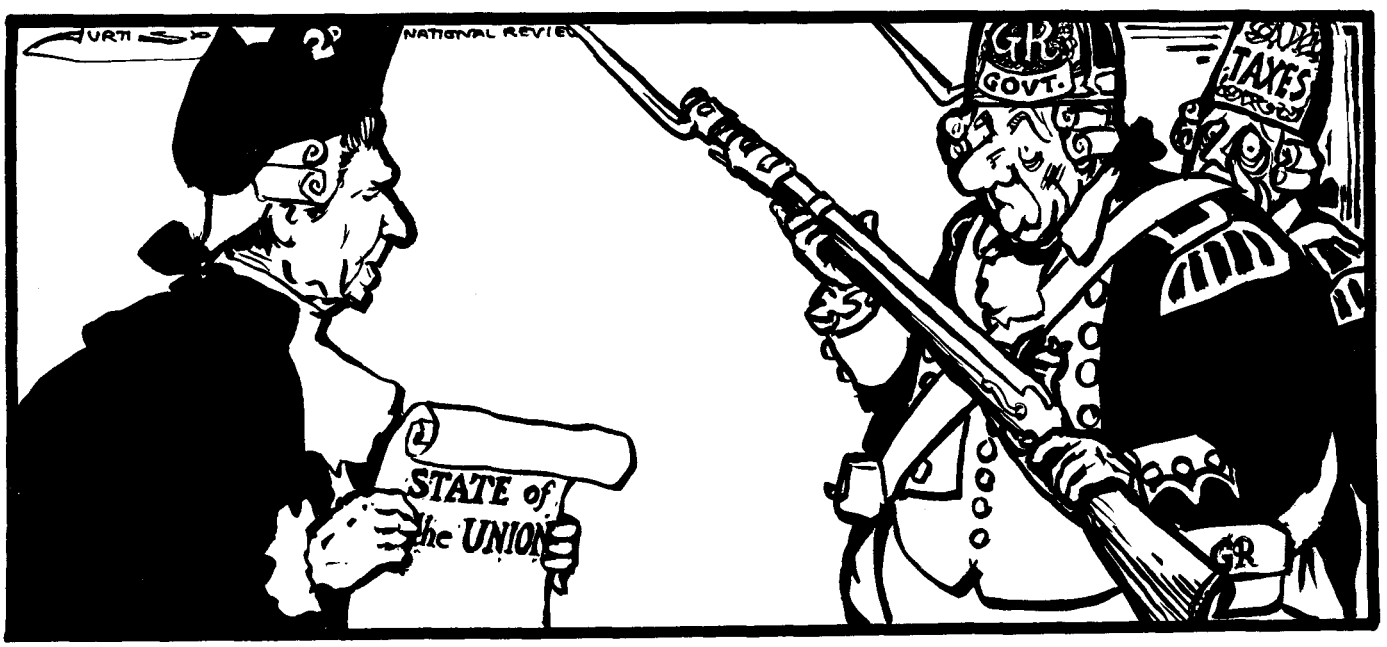
☐ Moving briskly into the seventh century, Pakistan is banning the payment of interest by banks.

☐ Moving briskly into the nineteenth century, Italy is banning all plastic bags.

State of the Union, Improving

THE STATE OF THE UNION address met the test of such speeches: It avoided the unimportant subjects, focused on the important ones, and said all the right things about them.

The budget: "To move steadily toward a balanced budget," Reagan said, "we must also lighten government's claim on our total economy." All the liberal cant about the deficit over the last four years (there had been none during the previous 48) was put to the proof in that sentence. The liberals never were sincere, of course. They wanted higher taxes to ensure greater spending. Higher taxes were denied them, and they are inescapably confronted with their own mess. The proposed Reagan budget, alluded to in the State of the Union message, takes the only effective course toward ultimately cleaning up this mess—the elimination, not merely the cutting back, of programs. (Reagan mentioned Amtrak and farm subsidies, and cited



"When, in the course of human events . . ."

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The New Zealand Disease

They want our trade but not our nukes.
They're big on principled rebukes
And love parades promoting "peace,"
Although they ran around like geese
When bombs arrived from Tokyo.
But that was forty years ago.

W. H. VON DREELE

the conclusions of the Grace Commission.) This is a step in changing the shape of the government. He called also for the balanced-budget amendment, and the line-item veto. *Taxes:* The Reagan revolution began with the income-tax-rate cuts. He proposed to further it by cleansing the system of exemptions and lowering the top rate to 35 per cent, "and possibly lower" . . . Tax reform will not be a tax increase in disguise. *Welfare:* "Policies that increase dependency, break up families, and destroy self-respect are not progressive, they're reactionary." Another bull's-eye, this one to the heart of the scarecrow that liberalism has used for decades to justify the omnicompetent state—the miseries of the poor. The poor are miserable, in many cases, the accumulated evidence shows, as a result of liberal programs, which chain them to lives of mendicancy and impotence. Reagan proposed a youth differential on the minimum wage, and enterprise zones—blocked by the House leadership—to encourage the unemployed to work again.

School prayer and abortion: Often lumped in the category of "social issues," these might better be called judicial issues—because they did not become issues at all until a judicial elite wrote new sets of laws on the subject. Reagan's words on abortion, especially, were direct and simple. "Abortion is either the taking of human life or it isn't. And if it is—and medical technology is increasingly showing it is—it must be stopped." *Crime:* This is the great untouched issue, in some ways untouchable by the Federal Government (since enforcement is local). But Reagan urged the undoing of some other judicial legacies, calling for a redefinition of the rules governing the admissability of evidence, to help ensure that the guilty are actually found so.

Reagan concluded by considering America's place in the world. *World economy:* "America's economic success is freedom's success; it can be repeated a hundred times in a hundred different nations." Reagan implicitly rejected the collectivist, cartelized models of economic development, whether national or transnational, and he specifically decried the form that collectivism takes in trade policy, which is protectionism. Against armed threats, he was yet more explicit. *Freedom-fighters*, particularly the *Contras:* "Support for freedom-fighters is self-defense, and totally consistent with the OAS and UN Charters." *Nuclear arms:* The Soviet Union understands strength. It returned to the bargaining table because of the determination of America to install intermediate-range missiles in Europe. Reagan urged Congress to continue to modernize missile deterrence, while pressing for "the most hopeful possibility of the nuclear age," Space Defense.

"Four years ago," Reagan said at the beginning of his speech, "we began to change—forever, I hope—our assumptions about government and its place in our lives." That change was overdue. The liberal state, in its final stages, had become the enemy of the American people—directly, by wasting their energies and assaulting their settled convictions; indirectly, by failing, as monster states always do, to carry out the most basic tasks of government—order at home, security in the world. Reagan's second term, as much as his first, will be judged by its success in changing government's shape.

The New Staff, Continued

THE WHITE HOUSE STAFF continues to reorder itself for the second term, and the news is all good. For his first major appointment, the chief of staff, Donald Regan, has picked Patrick Buchanan to be Director of Communications. The symbolism of the choice is arresting. For most of the first term, the post was held by David Gergen, a Ford leftover, timid, compromising, a faucet of leaks, obedient to the Washington ethos and solely interested in making the Administration (and himself) look good in its eyes. Since Gergen appeared to believe that Washington was sage, while Reagan was basically stupid, this was a trying task. Buchanan is better goods altogether: Starting out as an editorialist for the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, he became the conservative speechwriter on Nixon's team, then a syndicated columnist who took no prisoners. (*NR* readers will remember "If Not Détente," his contribution to the post-election issue, "A Program for Reagan's Second Term," Nov. 30.) He gives up his syndicated column and one of Washington's most successful talk shows to answer the President's call, and will serve him without flinching.

Nor is the appointment merely symbolic. In a town that lives and dies by talk, idiom is critically important. The Director of Communications, like any other White House staffer, also has his own input into the Administration's internal discussions. Meanwhile, Regan has told a meeting of the commissioned officers—White House argot for the most important staff members—that he has no agenda; his agenda is the President's. (And if anyone contrasted this mentally with the departed James Baker, well, he got the point.)

Regan represents a transitional point of historic importance, the end of the beginning of a political proc-

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ess that reordered, first the Republican Party, then the entire American political landscape. For the many difficult and essential tasks that lie ahead in the second term, it looks as if he will be surrounded by people who understand that process and its significance.

Incentive Structures And The Evil Empire

EVEN AS Ronald Reagan reaffirmed his intention to proceed with a Star Wars defense, even if the Soviets agree to cut back or eliminate offensive weapons, the rationale for such a defense system received a persuasive exposition in the March issue of *The American Spectator*. Like so many important articles these days, it was written by Gregory Fossedal of the *Wall Street Journal*, who must be the first journalist ever to have simultaneous cover stories in NATIONAL REVIEW and *The New Republic*.

Fossedal observes that the Soviets, by taking Star Wars seriously, have ironically forced American liberals to stop mocking it. ("Star Wars" was a derisive nickname bestowed by Edward Kennedy.) Critics still argue that such a system could never be 100 per cent effective. Maybe not. But Fossedal points out that an effectiveness of, say, 80 per cent would have a strong disincentive impact on Soviet use and production of nuclear weapons. It would constitute an 80 per cent "tax" on the Soviet arsenal. Thus "the Soviets might add one thousand new warheads to their offensive force, but they would gain only two hundred deliverable warheads for their effort." The arms race would then become prohibitively expensive for the Soviets, especially since any increase in their missiles would be far more costly than a corresponding increase in our relatively cheap interceptors.

Liberals have failed to grasp this for the same reason they are slow to grasp the importance of marginal tax rates. Just as they assume that people will go on producing even when those rates reach 80 per cent of marginal income, they assume that the Soviets will keep building missiles no matter how unprofitable and even self-defeating further construction gets.

But the American Left, including many liberals, reacts tropistically against Star Wars—warning that it will not work, at the same time fearing that it will. The landscape trembles as Jonathan Schell, author of *The Fate of the Earth*, disarmament's bible, comes out for Star Wars. And, as Fossedal shrewdly points out, stripped of its offensive nuclear capability, the Soviet Union would sink to second-rate status. A world freed of the nuclear threat would be one in which the power of free societies would prevail. That frightens the Left.

But as the President said in his State of the Union address: "Let's get started."

Nuclear Myopia

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to think clearly when one's mind is filled with mushroom clouds. Nuclear weapons have been a reality for nearly forty years, but U.S. allies around the world are becoming increasingly less, not more, capable of dealing rationally with their implications.

Prime Minister David Lange of New Zealand came to power last July promising to deny nuclear-powered or nuclear-armed warships entry to his country's ports. Since the United States routinely (and wisely) refuses to confirm or deny the presence of nuclear weapons aboard its ships, this policy effectively denied port access to all U.S. warships. Australia's Labor Party had made the same promise when it was elected in 1983, but had backed down so as not to destroy the trilateral alliance with New Zealand and the United States known as ANZUS.

Unfortunately, while Lange himself may be inclined toward similar flexibility, pressures from his party have led him to stick to his guns (by banning ours). When the United States recently asked New Zealand to allow the *USS Buchanan* to make a port call at the end of an ANZUS naval exercise known as Sea Eagle, New Zealand said no. When it refused to change its mind, Washington canceled the exercise and threatened New Zealand with commercial sanctions and restrictions on the flow of military intelligence. The ANZUS alliance has never faced so severe a crisis in its 34-year history.

The Labor government of New Zealand is only the latest casualty of nuclear myopia. Its sister party in the United Kingdom is afflicted with a near terminal case, while numerous governments and parties of NATO-member countries suffer from various degrees of the malady. While Australia allows U.S. warships entry, it has waffled recently on a commitment to help monitor MX test flights. The malady of nuclear myopia seems to take two forms. Countries that genuinely live under the nuclear gun, such as West Germany and the Benelux countries, sometimes waver a bit under the constant, looming threat but then face the reality of the equation. Conversely, countries such as Australia and New Zealand, for whom the nuclear threat is both implausible *and* remote, tend to think they can readily do without the protection of the U.S. nuclear umbrella, relying instead on legislative gimmicks such as nuclear-free zones. These are geographic areas from which nuclear weapons are banned in peacetime, but which of course will not necessarily be exempt from nuclear attack in wartime.

The angry, muscular response of the United States to New Zealand's refusal to welcome the *Buchanan* has taken both Canberra and Wellington by surprise. It should not have. ANZUS may be a relatively marginal alliance for the United States in the grand

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Here it is - The Buckley Roast!

(the famous but hard-to-find tape recording— back by popular demand!)

Get it FREE!

Yes, now you can get your own copy of the sensational tape that makes conservatives (and selected liberals) howl with laughter. When, some time back, Young Americans for Freedom decided to give Bill Buckley a "celebrity roast," the results were surprising indeed. This tape is a faithful reproduction of the hilarious highlights of that most unusual occasion.

William Rusher, David Keene, and Stan Evans were among the well-known conservatives who showered Buckley with a barrage of outrageous barbs that brought loud guffaws from the large and lively crowd. Mike Wallace (of *60 Minutes* fame) headed a contingent of non-conservatives, who chipped in with their best shots, giving you a good idea of the cumulative effect Buckley has had on liberals throughout the years (it all adds up to a kind of wry tribute). And Henry Kissinger, in person, completed the basting with some acidly "diplomatic" digs. Buckley's reply to all this is masterly—he ends up roasting the roasters—and you have to hear it to believe it.

Tapes of the Buckley Roast have never been easy to come by, but now, for as long as they last, we are making our supply available with a special renewal offer that is also a hedge against any future price rise. You get this high-quality tape (comes in a standard 90-minute cassette) absolutely FREE simply by renewing your subscription to *National Review* for another year *regardless of when it expires.* That way you'll be covered, no matter what happens to the price, and you'll also be the happy owner of a recording that you'll play over and over again yourself (and will certainly want your friends to hear!).

So get your copy of this marvelous tape right now. It's first come, first served, while our supply lasts. The Buckley Roast carries a price tag of $9.95, and you'd probably pay that much gladly if you could find it in a store (which you *can't*). However, if you fill out and return the handy card opposite this page today you *can* get it free and postpaid. That's right: we'll rush the Buckley Roast tape to you and immediately extend your subscription for another full year (25 issues). The price for the subscription is $34 (very good value at today's price levels) and the tape is free. Don't miss the fun you'll get out of this collector's item! Return the card today.

P.S.: *If you are not already a subscriber to NR you can still use the handy card opposite to* enter *your own subscription (same terms) and receive the Buckley Roast cassette.*

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scheme of things, but there are much higher stakes on the line than ANZUS alone. The U.S. response to New Zealand is intended to dampen the inclination of other U.S. allies (such as Japan) to sink into nuclear myopia.

The Reagan Administration should take care not to break up ANZUS over the issue, since that would only create a future campaign issue, as well as fodder for the Soviet propaganda machine. But it is quite correct to not let either New Zealand or the watching world forget that there is a price to be paid for the security afforded by alliance with America.

Murdering Poland

THE VERDICT is in, the sentences have been handed down, but the politics of the murder of Father Jerzy Popieluszko remain murky. At the end of the trial four security guards were found guilty of killing the pro-Solidarity priest, and they received sentences of from 14 to 25 years in prison.

Most Poles assume that the four policemen were carrying out orders from above, but the trial didn't lead any further than the four. It also revealed the isolation and arrogance of the police. One question asked is why the Soviets allowed the trial to take place. Was the killing of Father Popieluszko part of a plot to embarrass General Jaruzelski? In spite of the lingering questions, the Polish people came away from the trial with something Jaruzelski and the Kremlin will regret: an even more cynical view of the internal operations of their police state. Political and social—as well as economic—decomposition is in the air.

Immediately after the sentences were announced, the government launched a new offensive against the Catholic Church. Religious Affairs Minister Adam Lopatka warned that from now on the government will jail "radical" priests. "The error of the authorities," said Lopatka, was that "Popieluszko was not imprisoned long ago when he deserved it." (Father Popieluszko, it should be noted, isn't the first priest to die at the hands of the government, only the first to get international attention.) Cardinal Jozef Glemp, head of Poland's Catholic Church, quickly denied the government's charges, defended his priest, and criticized the government's handling of the trial. "There was an attempt," he said, "to hold a trial, not in a formal manner, but through the means of propaganda." That, coming from the hitherto rather passive Cardinal Glemp, is one of the major political developments to come out of the trial. Before the trial many viewed Cardinal Glemp as a straddler bent on walking a tightrope between Solidarity and the Jaruzelski government. He may well have decided that not to choose is in fact to choose, and that the Jaruzelski phase is proving to be nonviable. If so, it will take more than a few thugs to silence the Polish Church.

Bennett at Education

APPLAUSE FOR a superb appointment: William Bennett as Secretary of Education. The Department of Education is not a large one, measured in budgetary terms. A grab bag of federal spending programs, it has a budget of about $18 billion, chicken feed as things go nowadays. Its programs could be administered elsewhere—or, for that matter, killed.

The department was created by President Carter as a political bribe to the National Education Association in return for the NEA's active support in Carter's desperate—"I'll whip his ass"—1980 primary campaign against Teddy Kennedy.

Ronald Reagan at first hoped to abolish the department. He at length decided not to do so, apparently because abolition might make him look anti-education; the political price was too high. Indeed, abolishing the department without abolishing the programs would have been a hollow gesture.

But if we are to have a Department of Education, the choice of Bennett is first rate. During his three years as chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities, Bennett performed with unshakable integrity. He stood for excellence and for the permanent things in the Western and the human heritage. On principle, he refused all "preferential hiring"—no quotas. History is now moving almost irresistibly in Bennett's direction. A panel of educators recently completed a report to the effect that the college curriculum, nationally, is a supermarket, a hodgepodge. Bennett's own report on the current state of affairs, "To Reclaim a Legacy," pointed the way to recovery.

At the NEH, William Bennett may have done more than anyone else during the last three years to move American education in the direction of reclaiming that legacy. As Secretary of Education, he will, you may be sure, be heard from.

To Cuba with Love

SANDY POLLACK, a pillar of the Communist Party, U.S.A., died in a plane crash over Cuba on January 19. On February 2 a memorial service was held for her in the Assembly Hall of the "Rockefeller church," Riverside Church in New York City. Some five hundred people attended, including a sizable contingent from the diplomatic community (ambassadors from Cuba, Nicaragua, Vietnam, East Germany, as well as representatives from Czechoslovakia and the PLO). Many wore red carnations for the somber occasion. The crowd was a mix of CP members and peace-movement types, of all age groups. Since the event had merely been listed among other death notices in the January 30 *New York Times*, the baffling turnout must have been attributable to a more visible

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announcement placed in the February 1 *Daily World.*

The Reverend William Sloane Coffin opened this tribute "In Celebration of Her Life and Work," as the bulletin for the ceremony called it, by greeting the largely Communist crowd with brief remarks stressing the appropriateness of such an event for the "bridge-builder" that Mrs. Pollack had been. Unlike his statement before another largely Communist meeting at his church some years earlier, in which he apologized for invoking the deity and thus offending the audience's sensibilities, Coffin handled the potential awkwardness better this time, by stating that "Sandy did not believe in God, but God believed in Sandy."

After Coffin's greeting, the stage was set for the actual "celebration" that had been listed in the church's calendar of the day's events as a "memorial service." It was to consist of a long line of speakers, who all tried to outdo one another in portraying the deceased as one of the most extraordinary human beings to have walked among us. Rhetoric flourished, from the very first statement (presented by the Honorable Gus Newport, a colleague of Mrs. Pollack in his role as co-chairperson of the U.S. Peace Council, which she had co-founded) to the highlights—two hours later—spoken by Henry Winston (National Chairperson, CPUSA) and Michael Myerson (Executive Director, U.S. Peace Council). Winston called her "a great human being who drank from the fountain of Marxism-Leninism," Myerson made a reference to her as "the best of all coalition builders," someone said that Mrs. Pollack "was political in every cell of her being," and the Cuban ambassador dedicated a poem to her.

Mrs. Pollack, daughter of Communist parents dedicated to the destruction of our system of government, as it was aptly stated by one of her eulogizers at the church, was a key operator for Communism behind the scenes, often through well-concealed front activities. That is why there were not just greetings from a Politburo member of the Cuban Communist Party, or a Mr. Zhukov of the international department of the Soviet Party, but also from such presumably well-intending progressive organizations as SANE, Clergy and Laity Concerned, the Maryknoll Order, and Church Women United (and of course Congressman Ron Dellums). All of the aforementioned had fond memories of working with Mrs. Pollack in various coalitions.

Most impressive in that connection was the testimony by her comrade Leslie Cagan, the "National Facilitator" of Mobilization for Survival, who mentioned the key role played by Mrs. Pollack as a full-time organizer behind the giant June 12, 1982 Central Park demonstration against (our) nuclear weapons. Leslie Cagan also knew that her deceased friend and comrade had already begun to work full-time on the preparations for the forthcoming march on Washington on April 20.

But the emergency that had called her for the *x*th time to Cuba had put a premature end to all of that, with the fatal crash of her Nicaragua-bound flight. This "extraordinarily fruitful and productive life," as the bulletin for the "service" had it, suddenly ended at the young age of 37. The Communist mourners at Riverside Church exited into the dark with the grim, yet hopeful, final words: "Sandy, our love for you, like the struggle, will continue." —Tim Edwards

James Beard, R I P

Jim Beard is dead. He was America's leading authority on food and drink and the first and most important—to this day—champion of good cooking in general and good American cooking in particular. Through his work (cooking schools and demonstrations, writing, consulting, and TV commercials), Jim was known throughout the nation as a man who made millions of Americans conscious of the joys of good food and drink. Without him, the food renaissance now sweeping our country could not have been possible. All of us who deal with food and drink in one way or another must be grateful for what he has done.

This jolly giant of a man also had the gift of inspiring great love and devotion among his followers, none greater than my own. "To cook well, you have to cook with love and gusto," he recently told me in our frequent early-morning conversations on life in general. There is no one left to talk to at 7:15 A.M., about the theater, opera, music, books, and to ask advice about cooking. Jim died of heart failure in Manhattan on January 23, 1985, age 81 years. God rest your soul, darling Jim. —Nika Hazelton

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

It was with mixed feelings of pleasure and pain that I read the flurry of correspondence surrounding your reference to Zeno's paradox.

Not so long ago I erred likewise in alluding to the piece in an editorial. Somehow it touched the long submerged fancies of all the engineers, statisticians, and other functional literalists among my audience.

When letters began to come in again after the second go-around, I sent out this reply:

"In answer to your question, the tomb of Achilles lies in the plain of Sigeum. Over it no bird ever flies."

I haven't been bothered since.

Devotedly yrs in Xt,
John Paul Quinn
Stamford, Conn.

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☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I thought that you might be interested in a form I've received. The National Science Foundation requests that grant applicants fill it out. Looking at the item marked "Handicapped" made me wonder whether or not the NSF is funding enough proposals from scientists who have learning disabilities. What's your view?

A co-ed in one of my classes is hot on the trail of a new type of discrimination. When I announced to her class the way I wanted them seated, she objected: "But that discriminates against the lower half of the alphabet!" Is this yet another frequency for the Jackson Rainbow?

Cordially,
Francis J. Narcowich
Associate Professor of Math
Texas A & M
College Station, Tex.

☐ Memo to: Bill
From: Kevin

Dear Bill:

It pains me to tell you this, but *NR* is read by a bunch of bleeding-heart conservatives. Please see the attached letter from Gordon A. Thomas, president of the Afghanistan Relief Committee.

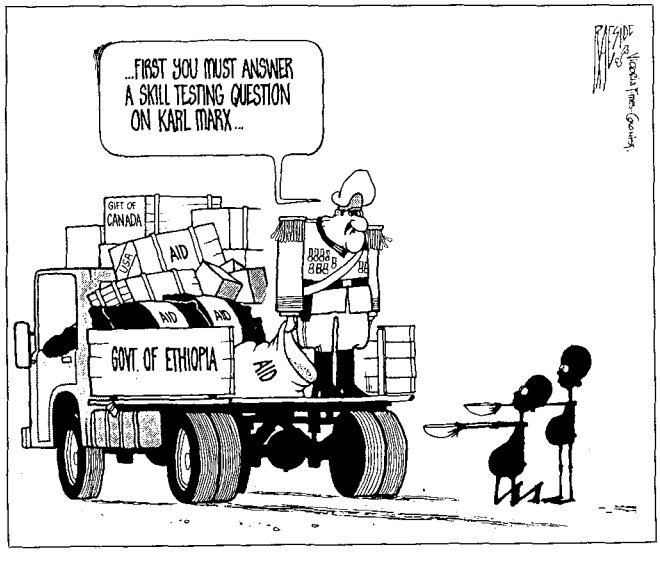
To the Editor
Dear Sir:

In your November 2, 1984 issue an article by Jere Van Dyk entitled "M*A*S*H without Laughter" reported on the fine work of the French medical teams inside Afghanistan. Our organization has been fortunate enough to assist two of those organizations in a monetary way to further their humanitarian efforts.

Jere Van Dyk was kind enough to mention our organization and the efforts that we had undertaken to assist the medical groups. Obviously, this had a great impact on your readers. Since that story appeared we have received almost $15,000 in unsolicited contributions from individuals who had read it. Although that may not sound like a great deal of money here in the United States, I can assure you that it can provide a vast amount of medical assistance to the unfortunate Afghans who are refugees within their own country.

Our heartfelt thanks for publishing the Van Dyk article and for what you have done to further the Afghan cause.

Sincerely,
Gordon A. Thomas
President, Afghanistan Relief Committee
Suite 4100, 345 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10154



Raeside, *Victoria Times*/Rothco

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In the obsequies for the late Senator Frank Church ["The Week," May 4, 1984] you mention his political agility in "playing left-wing politics in the District of Columbia while scattering a few conservative crumbs to pacify the rubes back home in Idaho." I was wondering what exactly you meant by "rubes"? It's a curious word and even curiouser that you should use it. Did you mean that only rubes voted for Church or that only rubes would live in Idaho? I suppose that if we Westerners lived in Connecticut and sent to D.C. the likes of Senators D. and W. (I can't bring myself to utter their names), then we wouldn't be rubes? Or if we worked in New York where every six years they elect slick men whose impregnable intellects do a disappearing act the minute after they win? Or if we sent our children to school in Massachusetts wherein they, in a cerebral fit of passion, worship at the feet of Tip and Teddy: that any of these would save us from being rubes?

Actually, we here in the West have suspected for a long time that you chaps in the East, with your damnable yachts and valets and pigskin bags and oh-so-fastidious distinctions, still labor under the illusion that all of America's brains are contained between the Atlantic Ocean and Hudson River, and that we could send nothing but Abraham Lincolns to Congress and still be, in your eyes, rubes purely by virtue of the geographical location of the dirt we stand on.

I've been a subscriber to *NR* for nine years now. It is very likely the finest opinion magazine on God's little green planet. That you should from time to time commit an act of petulant condescension in no way detracts from that fact.

Cordially,
John H. Roberts
Corvallis, Ore.

Dear Mr. Roberts: Bravo. But, of course, we meant to suggest that Senator Church thought of Idaho conservatives as rubes. We think of them as the cognoscenti. Cordially, **—WFB**

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RSA & USA

RONALD REAGAN'S November landslide stripped the political terrain so bare of issues that leftish rebels have been straining to find a *politique* for their *mystique*. The Republic of South Africa serves nicely, thank you. Thus some seven hundred liberals, including congressional Black Caucus members, white liberal Senator Lowell Weicker, TransAfrica's Randall Robinson, Coretta King, Arthur Ashe, Harry Belafonte, and a sampling of Kennedy offspring, have been booked in the daily Massachusetts Avenue liturgy of sacrificial arrest.

The contagion has even spread to conservatives. Last December, 35 GOP congressmen (mostly young populists) signed a letter to the South African ambassador threatening to "curtail new American investments" and organize other internal economic sanctions unless the South African government took definite action to end apartheid. The conservatives pushed the idea of making the Sullivan Principles mandatory for all U.S. companies doing business in South Africa (128 out of 284 now subscribe). Offered by the Reverend Leon Sullivan, the black pastor of Philadelphia's Zion Baptist Church, the code demands total workplace desegregation, training and promotions for non-whites, and improved outside-the-workplace conditions for blacks in the employ of U.S. corporations. (In fulfilling the last-mentioned, by the way, U.S. corporations have given more than $78 million for medical, housing, and educational expenses to South African black employees and their families from 1978 to 1983. Oddly, just as conservatives were embracing the Sullivan Principles, the author himself weakened their leverage by announcing in early February that he supports, paradoxically, disinvestment by U.S. corporations.

The odds are at least fifty-fifty that some type of sanction legislation will reach the President's desk by year's end. It may be in the form of last year's Gray-Solarz bill (which was passed by the House with a voice vote, but later died in conference) which prohibits *new* investments in South Africa and the American purchase of Krugerrands. One White House senior aide predicts that something like Gray-Solarz will be attached as a rider to "the first vehicle that comes along," probably an appropriations bill in March. "It will be damn hard to stop it," he says. The Republican-dominated Senate may produce another version with a view to bottling both bills up in conference as happened last year, "but this one may spring loose on us," the official warns.

The combined force of such agitation is to put Ronald Reagan's South African foreign policy—"constructive engagement," a delicate balancing act by which the U.S. recognizes the legality of the South African government, while it also extends real support to dissident groups—into some jeopardy, even though it has been a useful tool for pushing change in South Africa. Since 1983, for example, Prime Minister P. W. Botha and his government have drawn up a new constitution, giving Botha larger executive powers than ever before, creating separate parliamentary representation for Indians and Coloreds (South Africans of mixed race), and jettisoning a number of lesser rules and regulations that hemmed in the blacks. There is even talk here that Nelson Mandela, the chief of the outlawed African National Congress, who has been in prison for 21 years, will be released by Botha before year's end. Morley Safer noted these dramatic changes during the recent *60 Minutes* segment on South Africa, much to the consternation of Washington's anti-Afrikaners.

The Massachusetts Avenue demonstrators, of course, assign no credit to the Administration for these changes, claiming it all for themselves, saying that their "pressure is paying off." Black South Africans don't necessarily agree—for example, Zulu Chief Gatsha Buthelezi told me straight out during an early February visit to Washington that such agitation slows rather than speeds de-apartheidization, since it gets the Afrikaners' backs up.

CONSERVATIVES here have noted the other remarks of Chief Buthelezi while in the nation's capital, despite some press attempts to discredit him. Buthelezi, chief of South Africa's largest tribe (the Zulus number about six million), is president of South Africa's largest registered political party, Inkatha (with more than one million card-carriers). Whereas Bishop Tutu draws 150 people to meet him at airports, Buthelezi draws tens of thousands at political rallies in Soweto. "Black people of South Africa have not said they want disinvestment," Buthelezi stressed to me. "Seventy-five per cent reject it," he noted, quoting from a Natal University study. Buthelezi disapproves of Gray-Solarz sanctions: "Black people will suffer most," he says. The Zulu chief is generally supportive of constructive engagement, but wants "more flesh on the bones," meaning more visible, concrete actions by the U.S. to push P. W. Botha and his government to be more "brisk" in dismantling apartheid.

Conservatives could do much to extinguish or contain the prairie fire that threatens to engulf the USA/RSA relationship by 1) supporting Chief Buthelezi and other moderates who insist that change be nonviolent, 2) defending constructive engagement as sound policy, 3) promoting the Sullivan Principles, and 4) getting behind P. W. Botha, whose virtue (even the arch-critical Bishop Tutu, speaking at the UN, called him "courageous"), vision, and political chop may be enough to cut, miraculously, the Gordian knot of apartheid. □

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FERMENT IN EASTERN EUROPE

As I WRITE, the trial of four Polish policemen for the murder of Father Jerzy Popieluszko is just ending. This curious trial, unique as far as I am aware in the annals of the collectivist world, was seen by some commentators as a sign of the supposed "softening" of the Soviet-installed Jaruzelski regime. It would be more realistic to see it as a subtle if desperate attempt by the Polish premier to hang on to his office.

Contrary to the impression derived from press and other media coverage, the situation in Poland, and indeed in Eastern Europe as a whole, is highly volatile and unstable.

Polish hard-liners—obviously with Soviet backing—would like to rid themselves of Jaruzelski and embark on a more frankly repressive policy than he would wish. According to my sources, the main hard-liners involved are the Foreign Minister, Olszowski, and the former Minister of the Interior, General Milewski.

There is every indication that General Jaruzelski himself had no knowledge of the plot to abduct and murder Father Popieluszko. The object of the plotters was plainly to provoke unrest among the Polish population. This duly happened, but not on a scale sufficient to give the plotters their excuse to call upon the Soviets to back an attempt to remove Jaruzelski.

One of the odder consequences of the plot was that, de facto, Jaruzelski found himself aligned with the Cardinal Primate of Poland, Archbishop Glemp, and the Solidarity trade-union leader, Lech Walesa, who for reasons of their own, which happened on this occasion to coincide with Jaruzelski's, also tried to calm down public reactions to the murder. (In fact, the Pope is said to be discontented with Cardinal Glemp's excessively soft line; his predecessor, Cardinal Wyszynski, was made of stronger stuff.)

Despite appearances to the contrary, there has been no "normalization" of the situation in Poland since the imposition of martial law three years ago. In that time 19 members of Solidarity have been murdered by the Polish police, and there have been 72 other political killings. Every year some two hundred persons have "disappeared." Polish intellectuals, at one time ready to accommodate with the regime, are now virtually 100 per cent anti-Communist.

The "Polish bacillus," as some observers call it, is spreading to other "provinces" of Russia's East European empire. In East Germany, the astonishing total of more than half a million individuals have applied officially for permission to leave the German Democratic Republic. All of them are aware that this is not the kind of thing to do if you want a quiet life.

In Czechoslovakia, Charter 77, the human-rights group, sent a message of sympathy to the Polish people, strongly condemning the abduction and murder of Popieluszko and reaffirming its support for the civil-rights campaigners in Poland. Still more significantly, Charter 77 has now joined hands with the East German "peace" activists. On November 22, 1984, the first anniversary of the siting of Soviet intermediate-range (SS-21 and SS-22) missiles in Czechoslovakia and East Germany, 16 members of Charter 77 and 17 German peace campaigners signed a joint protest declaration.

In Bulgaria, always regarded as the most, or only, pro-Soviet satellite in Eastern Europe, bombs exploded in various areas on the fortieth anniversary of the "socialist revolution." How many explosions took place is not yet known with certainty. One took place at Plovdiv; another in the central post office at Gorna Oryakhovitsa. For the latter, one Plamen Antonov Penchev was executed.

In relatively peaceful Hungary, intellectuals are growing bolder. Last August, in an indirect tribute to intellectual protest, the Communist magazine *Tarsadalmi Szemle* (*Social Review*) carried an extensive report on the behavior of Hungarian youth. In principle, young people, having been thoroughly indoctrinated, ought to be docile members of the "socialist commonwealth." Instead, said the report, the younger generation remained completely unimpressed by Communist education and indoctrination. The most startling conclusion was that in the event of war the younger generation would support the *non-Communist* side.

Look the Other Way

IN THE WEST, there will always be voices raised to say that we should piously avert our eyes from such happenings and counsel the rebels, whether workers or intellectuals, to behave themselves and calm down, thus giving their rulers an easy ride and allowing our governments to make arms-control concessions to the Soviets.

Thus the very able, forthright, and erudite head of Radio Free Europe, George Urban, himself of Hungarian origin, has come under fire from visiting American politicians for taking a tough line in the RFE Hungarian-language service despite the fact that there are still four Soviet divisions stationed in Hungary. What are they doing in this supposedly sovereign country anyway, nearly thirty years after the Hungarian uprising?

Among European politicians, the appeasers are headed by the Greek Prime Minister, Andreas Papandreou (hardly surprising), and by the West German and Italian Foreign Ministers, Genscher and Andreotti respectively. Genscher, in fact, was just preparing to go to Warsaw to sign a long-term economic deal when Popieluszko was so inconveniently murdered, forcing Genscher to cancel his travel plans. A shame, don't you think? □

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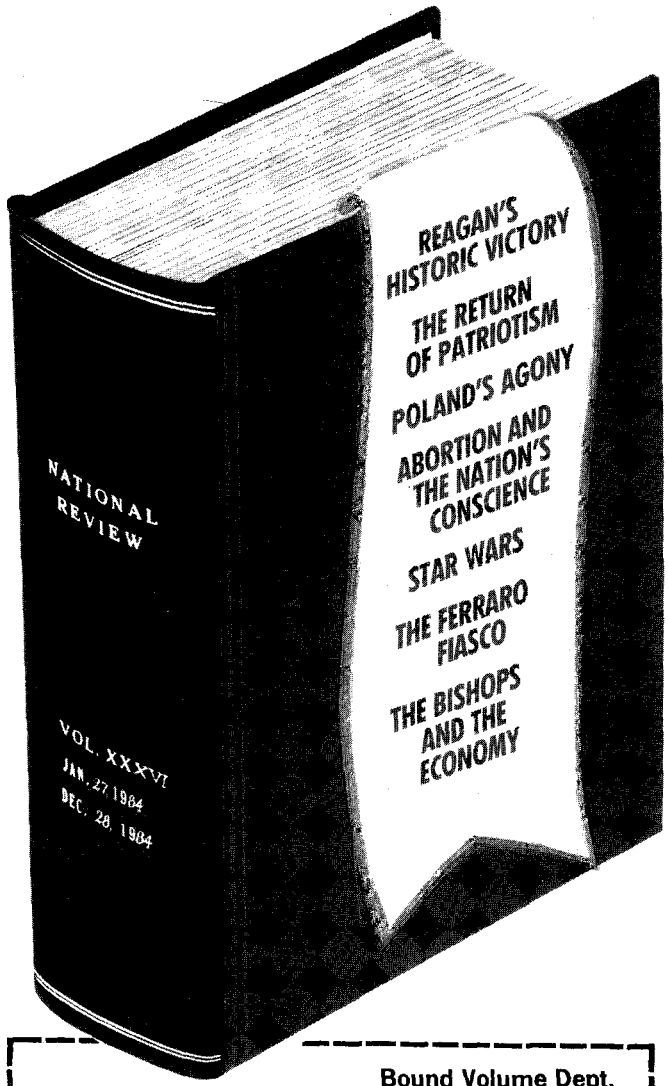

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THE MUGGER'S DEAL IN GENEVA

RICHARD PERLE, the Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Policy, is frequently vilified in the press but rarely quoted. He is portrayed as an arms-control obstructionist, an impediment to "the success of the talks," but on what grounds we are never told. One senses that those who write about (and advocate) arms control (and almost everyone who writes about arms control *does* advocate it, particularly in the news columns of our leading papers) don't like to report on Perle's views, for fear that they might prove cogent. So I decided to call him myself. There was a simple and fairly obvious question that I wanted to ask him, and in all the outpourings of Bernard Gwertzman and Leslie Gelb (*New York Times*), Don Oberdorfer and Walter Pincus (*Washington Post*), John Newhouse (*The New Yorker*), and Strobe Talbott (*Time*), I could not see that it was addressed, let alone answered.

My question was: Does an ever-increasing quantity of weapons accumulated by one side pose an ever-increasing threat to the other side? Or do the returns diminish? Beyond a certain point, perhaps it doesn't matter how many clubs/arrows/muskets/atom bombs the attacker has. Suppose a castle is surrounded by a hostile army of archers, each with a thousand arrows (more than they can carry about). Does the castle become more endangered if the archers increase the number of their arrows to ten thousand each? If a mugger points a pistol at you, demanding your money, does he increase his threat to you by explaining that he has additional pistols concealed about his person? If you then tell the mugger that you are wearing a bulletproof vest, would he expect you to be so foolish as to take it off if, by way of a "concession," he promised to discard one of his spare revolvers?

As best as I could tell from my belated and no doubt amateurish study of arms control, this is very much analogous to the deal now being offered to us by the Soviet Foreign Minister, Andrei Gromyko, and by those of our journalists who somehow manage to ventriloquize, or directly advocate, policy positions that are congruent with Soviet wishes. ("A high-ranking Administration official hinted yesterday that the United States might be willing to swap President Reagan's 'Star Wars' anti-missile defense plan for significant reductions in Soviet offensive nuclear weapons"—the Mugger's Deal, as interpreted for us by the *Washington Post*.)

Why are we entering into arms-control negotiations once again with the Soviet Union? What is the cost that we avoid by doing so? What is the source of the pressure on us to negotiate? Is it really the Soviet Union? Or is it in fact our own allies, the State Department, and the United States Congress?

In his January 9 press conference, President Reagan said: "Our objective in these talks will be the reduction of nuclear arms . . ." But in order to achieve this goal, he has agreed at least to discuss Strategic Defense, the bulletproof vest, which together with offensive weapons will be "resolved in their interrelationship." By tolerating the ambiguity of this language, Secretary of State George Shultz made his opening move—a concession to the Soviets.

On January 20, Robert McFarlane, the national security advisor, said on *Meet the Press*: "We've got to stop making these mountains of nuclear weapons ever higher."

Why this obsession with quantity? That was what I wanted to ask Richard Perle.

I met him at the Pentagon. Perle is 43 years old and much more relaxed and self-assured than your average political appointee at the assistant-secretary level. *The New York Review of Books* recently featured a malevolent drawing of him by Levine. It accompanied an article by George W. Ball mechanically repeating all the arms-control clichés. Perle used to work as an aide to Senator Henry Jackson, and he is still a Democrat. Assistant Soviet strongman Mikhail Gorbachev told Margaret Thatcher recently that Perle and Caspar Weinberger were today "running" U.S. foreign policy, which seemed to amuse Perle. We went to a favorite restaurant of his in Arlington. Gorbachev would have been surprised to find no solicitous maître d' awaiting him. We sat unceremoniously by the door, and soon we were joined by his assistant, Mark Schneider.

Perle listened carefully to my questions about quantity and explained that, first of all, on our side there had been no quantitative increase of nuclear weapons. "The exact numbers are classified," he said, "but in the past twenty years we have reduced our warheads by about eight thousand. The Soviets have increased theirs by about the same amount in that time." Perle added that the total megatonnage of our weapons had also been greatly reduced in that period. This was mainly because the newer missiles are more accurate—a key point in understanding military developments. If a missile can be guided so accurately that it can hit the Kremlin roof, it hardly needs to be nuclear at all. Why kill all those poor Russians trudging about in the snow if you can lob one down the Kremlin chimney? (That is me talking, I hasten to add, not Perle.)

Then he confirmed my suspicion that the Soviets' accumulation of nuclear weapons does not pose an ever-increasing threat to us. "Maybe it did at one time," he said, "but there is a critical threshold and they have crossed it. Now that they have, there is no point in worrying. They already have more warheads than they can possibly use. If they go on building up their nuclear forces

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they will only be imposing an ever-increasing burden on themselves."

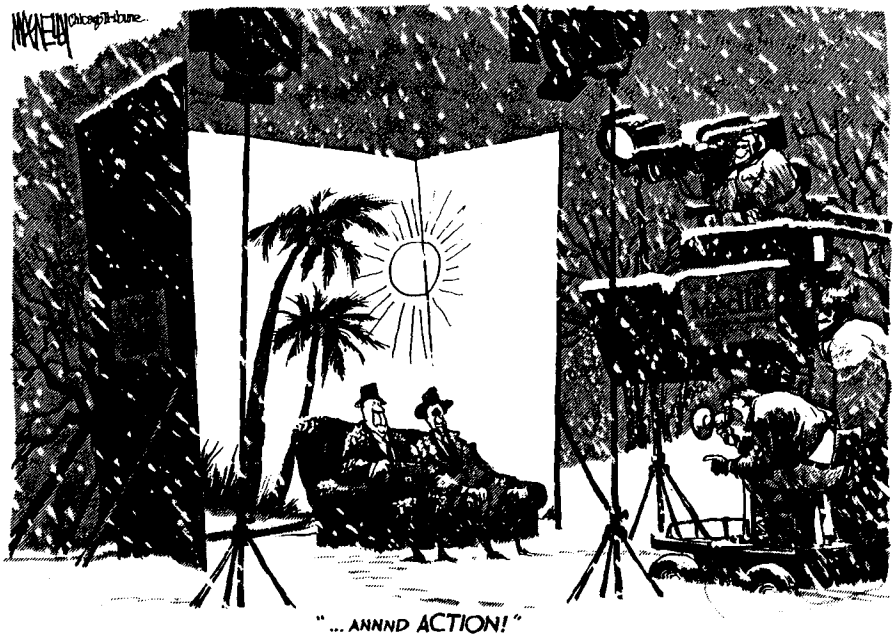
Nuclear weapons are costly and time-consuming to make. They divert considerable manpower and resources from other uses. (Try to imagine a mugger who spends his days accumulating more and more guns, rather than mugging people, so that he can *really* scare them when he does.) It follows that a proposal by the Soviets to negotiate a quantitative reduction in their weapons is really a sly proposal to increase their efficiency. In return, of course, we will be expected to undermine our own safety by saying no thanks to the new technology that offers us a bulletproof vest. This is called the "offensive-defensive tradeoff" in arms-control jargon—a deal that is doubly advantageous to the Soviet Union. ("Better would be an agreement of indefinite duration that could, if necessary, involve tradeoffs between offense and defense."—Strobe Talbott, *Time*, January 21.)

In his much-vaunted book, *Deadly Gambits*, Talbott quotes Perle as saying at one point that the Soviets have SS-20 warheads "surplus to their military needs, [which] can be expended to achieve political needs."

"Paul Warnke says that these extra weapons can only make the rubble bounce," Perle told me. "On the other hand he asks, 'Why don't we have arms control?' "

"If the theory of overkill is correct," said Mark Schneider, "then our approach to arms control can't possibly achieve anything."

This takes the old liberal argument that we have enough bombs to kill one another twenty times over, and deploys it with devastating effect against the usefulness of arms control itself. The arms-control community and its media chorus have no response to it at the moment. If the Soviets have a massive redundancy of nuclear weapons, then only an equally massive reduction is going to reduce the "threat" that they pose. (Of course, it is not weapons that pose a threat, but the people who possess them.) Yet, during the arms talks of 1982-83, Perle was constantly excoriated for proposing just such reductions. And it is exactly for that reason that he is regarded as an impediment to "successful" arms control!



Richard Pipes, in his new book, *Survival Is Not Enough*, notes that the foregoing is the "most glaring" intellectual contradiction of the arms-controllers: "No arms-control proposal is ever radical enough to take account of 'overkill.' " Pipes adds that the "only logically consistent" response of the arms-control lobby is to claim that smaller arms reductions still save money. As it happened, a week after talking to Perle, I appeared on a cable-TV discussion of arms control with Gerard Smith, negotiator of SALT I, and Barry Schweid, Associated Press foreign-news editor and a great devotee of arms control. I used Perle's line,

Our participation in negotiations toward a new treaty makes a mockery of Administration charges that the Soviets have violated old ones

"They already have more weapons than they can use," against the argument that a quantitative reduction can diminish the "nuclear threat," and sure enough Schweid replied that "expense can be spared."

In any event, the point bears repeating because it is vital to an understanding of arms control: No militarily significant result can be expected from any arms-control proposal that does not entail massive reductions of Soviet forces. Secondly, no such outcome is likely, and not just because such a reduction would be opposed by the Soviets. *It would also be opposed by our own State Department on the grounds that the Soviets would reject it.* In other words, it would not meet the State Department criterion of "negotiability." That is where you end up intellectually if you believe that "talks" (which are purely procedural, not substantive) should "succeed." And that is what critics of arms control mean when they say that such negotiations are really negotiations with ourselves.

If that were the whole story, arms control would be a mere exercise in futility, providing employment for diplomats who are deluded enough to believe that the tension between the United States and the Soviet Union arises out of misunderstandings that can be resolved by displays of "sincerity" at the bargaining table. (Of course, such misunderstandings really did arise in earlier centuries, when countries were separated by long sea voyages; diplomats today are simply anachronisms, thanks to technological change, and nowhere is this easier to see than in arms-control negotiations. As Kenneth Adelman, the director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, later told me, there can above all be no misunderstanding with the Soviets. Their foreign policy has been plainly stated ever since the Bolshevik Revolution and their actions have been consistent with their statements.)

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But the arms-control "process" is not just futile. It is positively harmful to the United States for a number of reasons. For one, our participation in negotiations toward a new treaty makes a mockery of Administration charges that the Soviets have violated old ones. In our cable-TV discussion, Gerard Smith said he didn't think that Reagan could be serious when he said the Soviets were treaty-breakers. Would he really go back to Geneva to bargain anew with such people? Smith had a point, albeit a disingenuous one. Reagan's position is inconsistent, but sincere. He is also telling the truth about Soviet violations, but the media will pay no heed as long as the Administration keeps going back to Geneva. In fact, they will accuse the Administration (as they already have done) of cynically trying to manipulate the new talks with such "allegations."

The most important reason for staying away from arms-control negotiations is that our participation in them supports the false idea that the U.S. is just as responsible as the Soviet Union for the tension between the two. By sitting down to "grapple with the issues so central to peace" (to use President Reagan's recent words), we concede that we are co-equally responsible for disturbing that peace. Assistant Secretary of State Richard Burt did not get it quite right when he told Robert Scheer of the *Los Angeles Times* that "SALT was a favor to the Russians because it did demonstrate to the Soviets that they were a co-equal superpower."* Rather, SALT was a disfavor to the U.S. because by sitting at the table with the Soviets we made it difficult indeed to fend off the accusation that we were every bit as responsible for the "nuclear threat" as they were. Negotiations, in fact, serve to transmute the *Soviet* threat into something far more murky: the "nuclear threat," which of course is a fiction. (I will be persuaded that it is real when the British and the French, worried about the "nuclear threat" that they pose to one another, sit down to arms-control negotiations to "limit" that threat.)

Arms-control etiquette dictates that, above all else, the illusion of symmetry between "the two superpowers" be preserved. There is of course no symmetry between a country that rules by force and one that governs by consent; between a country that is surrounded by barbed wire, and one that is flooded by a tide of immigrants; and above all between one with a ruling class that seeks to dominate the world, and says so, and another that rather fecklessly attempts to contain that aggressive expansion. Despite these prodigious asymmetries, we traipse haplessly to Geneva to "strengthen the peace" with the aggressors. This is nothing more than a veiled appeasement, and deep down everyone knows it.

It is true that the United States has a responsibility to be peaceable, but it does not follow that we are responsible for the fragility of the peace just because we possess a nuclear arsenal; any more than the police department can be blamed for the "rising tension" brought on by a crime wave. But our participation in Geneva-style talks constitutes just such a tacit admission and gets us into constant trouble. Here is an illustration from the recent meeting between Shultz and Gromyko.

When he returned to Moscow Gromyko staged a "press conference" in the course of which he complained about our proposed Strategic Defense Initiative. If we had such a thing, he complained, we could strike the Soviets with impunity.

"They say this does not mean anything," Gromyko said scornfully. "There is supposedly no danger here, and they even tried to reassure us to this effect. They tell us the United States has no intention to strike at the Soviet Union. We told them that in such a situation we have got to rely on your conscience, the conscience of Washington. First of all, we are not convinced that Washington has great reserves of this commodity. But we said, 'What if we were to change places? Would you think the same way, would our conscience be enough for you?'" Gromyko added that this argument had been met with "silence, silence." He concluded that "there is nothing defensive about" Star Wars.

By assenting to the MAD doctrine, the U.S. conferred potential mugger status on itself, as though we were just as likely to launch a surprise attack as the Soviet Union

Shultz, of course, should have responded that if the Soviet Union did indeed get a defensive shield in place before the United States, we would be extremely concerned because the Soviet Union aggressively seeks to dominate the whole world, just as it does the Russian people. Thus a Soviet first strike could be expected. But of course if he had said that, Gromyko would have been able to smile sweetly and reply, "In which case, Mr. Shultz, why are you sitting at this table with me?"

According to the doctrine of Mutual Assured Destruction, which has dominated U.S. military strategy since the 1960s, the world will be safer from muggers if muggers aren't allowed to wear bulletproof vests. Thus, it is argued, neither we nor the Soviets should have much in the way of anti-missile defenses. It is the conclusion here that is so outrageous. By assenting to the MAD doctrine, the U.S. conferred potential mugger status on itself, as though we were just as likely to launch a surprise attack as the Soviet Union, and were to be deterred from doing so by our own unshielded state. Again, this is a logical corollary of the false symmetry ("two scorpions in a bottle") that is sustained principally by our so doggedly showing up for arms-control talks.

With this in mind, it is interesting to note the frenzy of hostility that the Strategic Defense Initiative has recently aroused, understandably in the Soviet camp, but more puzzlingly among our home-grown arms-controllers. (Kenneth Adelman suggested that I "get a list" of those who oppose Star Wars and compare it with lists of those who supported SALT II and perennially support defense cuts. The "same names" would show up on all the lists: congruence, again.) John Newhouse, whose writings and talk-

*This conversation is reported in Scheer's misleading book, *With Enough Shovels: Reagan, Bush, and Nuclear War*, the introduction to which describes the non-nuclear Strategic Defense Initiative as "thousands of nuclear-armed battle stations circling in space." The book is hailed on the cover by Anthony Lewis ("essential and fascinating"), Cyrus Vance ("recommended reading"), George Ball ("Mr. Scheer reveals the truth"), and Herbert Scoville ("a chilling indictment").

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show comments about arms control display a conspicuously anti-American bias, noted in the *New York Times* recently that "we plan to threaten" Soviet missiles "with a novel defense." You know that something is rapidly unraveling when the defenders of arms control are reduced to the claim that shields threaten spears. And of course, what is coming unraveled is precisely the illusion of symmetry.

Hitherto, the considerable symmetry between Soviet and American offensive weapons has masked the gross asymmetry between the foreign policies of the two countries. They have their SS-18s, we have our Minutemen; they have their SS-20s, we have our Pershings; they have their submarines, we have ours; they have their Backfire bomber; belatedly, we find the money for the B-1: There you have the two superpowers—two scorpions in a bottle.

Now we have the ability to shoot down missiles in mid air. And, in as public a forum as you can find, namely the second presidential debate, President Reagan made an interesting suggestion: that we might consider sharing this technology with the Soviets, so that they too can shoot down missiles to their hearts' content. One sensed at the time that here, at last, was that long-awaited "breakthrough in superpower relations" that détentists are forever seeking at the bargaining table; and it came almost as a shock to realize that technology, not diplomacy, was making it possible. One realized also that the "breakthrough" was going to prove highly discomforting to the Soviet Union and its apologists. The reason is this:

Just as the present symmetry of offensive weapons has served to conceal the real asymmetry between the United States and the Soviet Union, so the prospective symmetry of defensive weapons is going to expose that political asymmetry. A world in which all nuclear-tipped missiles can be shot down by laser beams, particle beams, or guided bullets is a very much better world for everyone, unless there just happens to be in our midst a country whose capacity to make cowards and influence people is based on its ability to threaten everyone else with nuclear-tipped missiles. The Soviet Union, of course, fits the description.

At the end of lunch Richard Perle told me a story, a parable really, illustrating the point. He had heard it from retired State Department figure and *NR* contributor Charles Burton Marshall:

Farmer Jones finds that he has mice. He tells his wife, and they agree to get a cat. The mice overhear this conversation and become alarmed. So they form a negotiating team, and the chief negotiating mouse requests an opening round of talks with Farmer Jones. There is a need for "dialogue," says the mouse. Finally the mouse puts his negotiating position on the table: "If you don't get a cat, we won't get a cat."

As we left, I told Perle that I thought the hostility to Star Wars within the arms-control community exposed the hypocrisy of its concern about nuclear proliferation.

"No," he said. "They really do want to reduce nuclear arms. But only by negotiation, by mutual agreement."

In further conversations with Pentagon officials, I found out that there is real concern about the possible outcome of the new arms talks starting in Geneva in March. "I think we're headed for a bad time," one told me. The Soviets, of course, will threaten to walk out as a way of discouraging us from proceeding with Star Wars. The danger is that we will, as so often in the past, make concessions to keep our allies happy and to keep liberals in Congress voting for the defense budget. One Defense Department official told me that "frankly we did not seek, we do not need, and we have nothing to gain from negotiations on space and defense issues." Talks about reductions in offensive weapons will predictably achieve nothing, but neither will they do much harm beyond what has already been done by our participation in such talks. But flinching on Strategic Defense could, in the long run, gravely undermine the security of the country.

The reason is that the technology that now makes it possible to shoot down one missile with another is already in the public domain. The assembly of such technology into weapons and its procurement by the military are government functions, of course, but the technology itself is in the private sector. That is to say, anyone can in time lay his hands on it. It is not inside some government building marked "Top Secret" or "R&D: Keep Out." It is all over the place, including by this time the bedrooms of teenagers.

"It's the computer," the physicist Robert Jastrow told me when I called him. "The main factor which makes SDI possible is the computer revolution. This leads to the 'smart bullet' that homes in on its target and destroys it, and which is already in use in our heat-seeking air-defense missile. And of course that comes from the private sector and has been borrowed or stolen by the Russians, so it's quite true that this information is now widely available."

"So it's like the atom bomb," I said. "If we don't make it, someone else will."

"That's right." □

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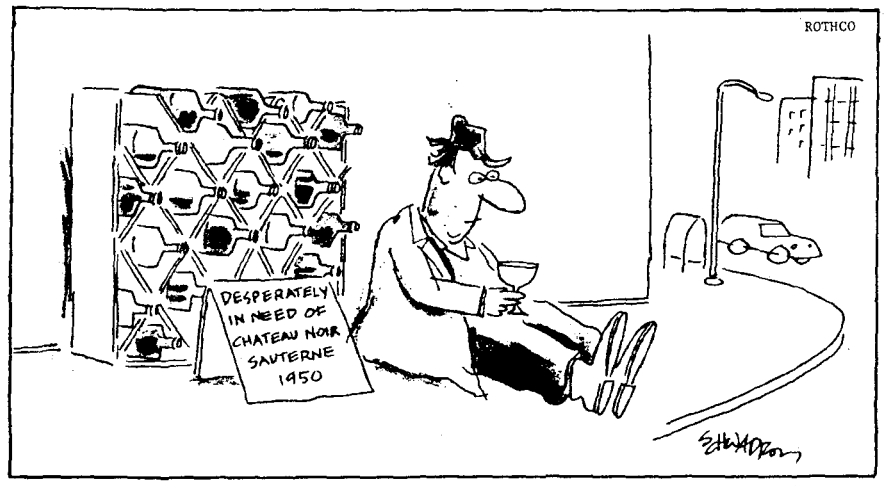

Ah, Wilderness!

Mr. Mondale's returned to the woodwork.
  Mr. Hart's put his car on the block.
Mr. Cuomo's invoking the Thirties,
  Which the public considers a crock.
Nursing wounds that appear to be psychic,
  Mr. Kennedy's back from the veldt,
While the cards Mr. Jackson's been dealing,
  The above wish to hell weren't dealt.

W. H. von Dreele

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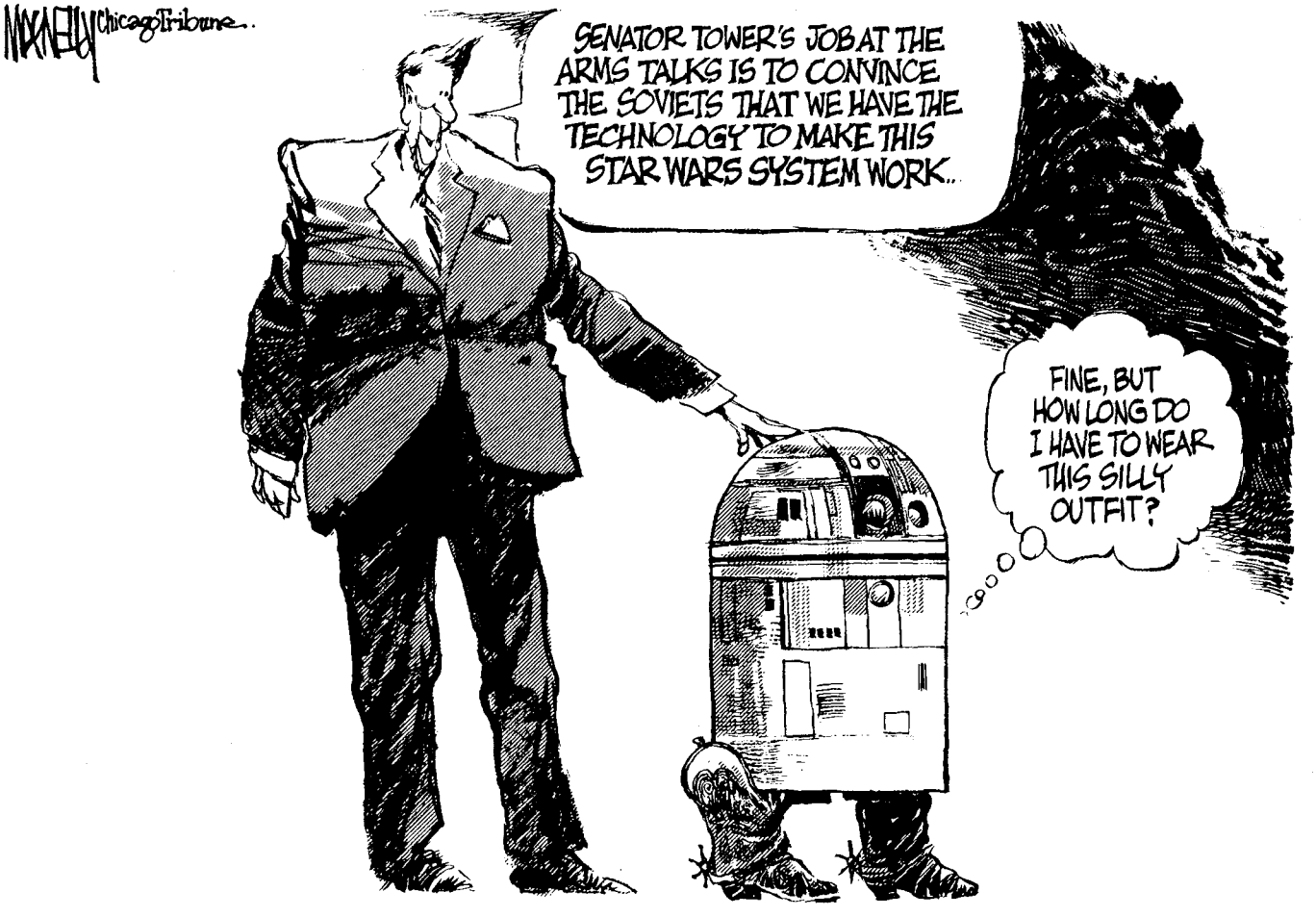
"All the world's a stage—and I'm only a stand-in."



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LETTERS FROM A KGB AGENT

HOW TO UNDERMINE AMERICA

UNDERMINE AMERICA

DINESH D'SOUZA & GREGORY FOSSEDAL

WASHINGTON, D.C.—RONALD REAGAN ELECTED PRESIDENT IN LANDSLIDE; CARTER WINS ONLY SIX STATES; REAGAN PROMISES TAX CUTS AND MILITARY BUILDUP.

November 15, 1980

My dear Alex,

Thank you for your complimentary letter—and so soon after your arrival in the United States. Our superiors are well aware of the dangerous situation that is developing here. A man of tremendous hostility to our country has been elected President, and by a landslide. Ronald Reagan's statements suggest an unfortunate alertness to the advances of socialism. If Congress supports his proposals for defense increases, our foreign-policy objectives will suffer a setback. You are here to help prevent that.

Congratulations on your outstanding performance at the Lenin School. We need men of your caliber to help defeat the adversary. Fortunately, this adversary is divided and rather naïve, and we have many allies in powerful places. So we are likely to win in the end. But we cannot win without a struggle, and we cannot win simply by marshaling our formidable military forces. We have to rely on corrosion within the body politic of the enemy.

How do we foster this? Much as I regret beginning on this note, I must urge you to forget most of the lessons you so dutifully absorbed in your propaganda classes and in your editorial internship at *Pravda*. America is a very different country from ours. Its people operate on different assumptions. We must take this into account in our work.

Our goal is to defeat Reagan, but that defeat must come at the hands of his own people. Your amateur suggestion that we work out a way to assassinate the President I find most impractical, indeed laughable. No, Alex, we must use the next four years to generate deep divisions within the American people and encourage hatred for Reagan's policies among the intelligentsia. I will offer suggestions as we go along. Meanwhile, you might start by reading the daily press—especially the *New York Times* and *Washington Post*—to get an idea of how their minds work.

Sincerely yours,
Vladimir

December 2, 1980

My dear Alex,

Why didn't you check with me before attending a cocktail party so soon after your arrival? You say you could barely understand the conversation. Richard Barnet and Marcus Raskin of the Institute for Policy Studies, who seemed sympathetic, were "talking a different language, certainly not the language of Lenin," you say. Of course they don't talk in those terms, Alex. That would simply not be acceptable in America. It is going to be necessary for you, yes *you*, to make your conversation indistinguishable from what you heard at that party.

Oddly enough, the best way to make your case in this country is often to say things that sound profound but mean little or nothing. This is not for the reason you may suspect: that Americans are generally a stupid people and inhospitable to clear-minded arguments. In fact, the opposite is true. Americans are generally very good at making intelligent choices when faced with concrete options. They are adept at weighing advantages and disadvantages. This is precisely why we need a language such as that developed by our allies on the American Left, a language that confounds the issues and blankets them with banalities.

To emphasize differences between capitalism and socialism, or between America and the Soviet Union, would invite people to choose. Our goal is to convey the impression that there are *no* important differences between economic or political systems. We want to make socialism seem unthreatening, so that we can coax America in our direction without its citizens ever becoming alarmed.

Sincerely yours,
Vladimir

March 8, 1981

My dear Alex,

Your language is now much better, but your arguments still cause me some embarrassment. In the draft of your speech scheduled for the Gay Joggers for Peace meeting next week, for instance, you blame "American imperialism" for the problems of the world. You say the Soviet Union is much stronger than the United States and would pulverize it in a showdown. This convinces me that you need a solid theoretical grounding in the arguments you should use while in the United States.

For example: Hard as it will be for you, you must insist that our Soviet leaders are paranoid fellows, haunted

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by memories of World War II and eternally worried that their borders will be savaged by neighboring countries. George Kennan, the American diplomat, has some wonderful stuff on this. He describes our leaders as possessed of "a congenital sense of insecurity" and a "neurotic fear of penetration." They are "easily frightened" and, in Kennan's terms, frustrated, secretive, defensive, troubled, and anxious. The advantages of this characterization are obvious. First, it suggests that our leaders must be humored—"handled with kid gloves," as they say here. Any U.S. arms buildup can be considered destabilizing to world peace because it whips up Soviet paranoia. Also, all our country's invasions of small countries can be explained as expressions of this tiresome but understandable cultural quirk.

Be careful, though, not to make our leaders' paranoia sound like a fundamental feature of the Russian temperament. If it is, how can you expect Americans to place faith in rational negotiations with our leaders? Nobody wants to deal with neurotic and paranoid cranks. The Americans should worry about aggravating the paranoia of our leaders, but they should get a general impression of them as otherwise sober, stable, conservative, and cautious.

Next, in your speech you refer to "myths about Soviet atrocities spread by right-wing propaganda." I like the bit about right-wing propaganda, Alex, but I think the term "McCarthyism" would be more suitable here. The connotations surrounding that term are one of our major rhetorical victories in recent decades, and we should make the most of them.

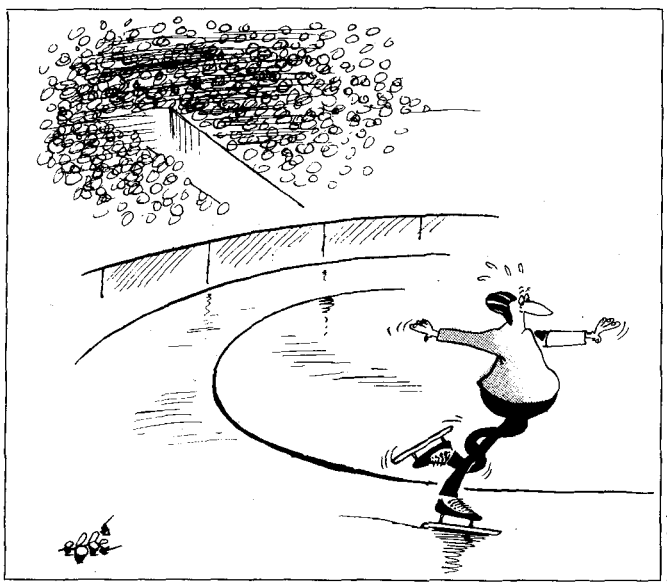
Sincerely yours,
Vladimir

GDANSK, POLAND—LECH WALESA LEADS SOLIDARITY RALLY; POLISH LEADERSHIP APPARENTLY UNABLE TO CONTROL PROTESTORS; U.S. OFFICIALS FEAR SOVIET INVASION IMMINENT.

December 15, 1981

My dear Alex,

Your letter to the Politburo urging "real action against the counter-revolution in Poland" shows you still have much strategy to learn. Frankly, the Party is handling the situation there as best it can, rather skillfully in fact.



Solidarity has been effectively checked without an invasion and hardly any violence, a great tactical success. Compare our efforts at indirect subversion in Latin America to the invasions of Korea and Afghanistan and you will see that one of the keys to dealing with the West is to avoid such blatant expansionism.

Because you are used to seeing only the great divisions that democracy tolerates, you no doubt find it hard to conceive of the spontaneous unity it can occasionally generate. There will be picnics, marches, candlelight vigils, and even football half-time shows—all devoted, not to disarming the United States, but to opposing the Soviet Union. In such a mood, with that nauseating, peculiarly American combination of joy and resolve so prevalent, I tell you that the West is capable of almost anything.

Fortunately, much of the American elite has already convinced itself that nothing can be done about the expansion of Soviet power. One reason for this inertia is "the lessons of Vietnam." I was not here at the time, but it seems the Americans went into the decade of the Sixties convinced they could solve every problem in the world from poverty to overpopulation to water pollution. When their will to fight in Vietnam collapsed and the puppet Thieu was overrun by our allies, America's leaders turned around and convinced themselves that the United States could accomplish nothing at all.

Alex, our greatest ally in a situation like this is time. If you strum one theme in your next TV appearance, strum this one: that whatever America does, it must not overreact. The chance for miscalculation is too great. This is no time to be hasty; conditions in Poland are admittedly tense, but will not be improved by harsh rhetoric. A great power must act with restraint.

In other words, delay, delay, delay—and then delay. Every day the Americans do nothing we are a bit safer. The test of your efforts and mine will be if, one morning a year or two from now, we wake up and realize that we have not thought about Poland for months—because we, like the West, had forgotten it.

Sincerely yours,
Vladimir

March 9, 1982

My dear Alex,

For once, your analysis hits the nail on the head. While the Americans have, thank God, done nothing militarily, the announced policy of sanctions against the Jaruzelski government is indeed serious. Moscow can ill afford to lose the gas pipeline to Europe now.

And yet, precisely because the policy is serious, we cannot afford to say so. That is why your suggestion for a piece arguing that this is all "discreet warfare" which "could seriously impair the START talks" does not quite hit the mark. Others will make these arguments later, when they are more appropriate. For now, our prime task is to convince Americans that the sanctions, or any other actions they might take in the future, simply won't work. Here are some more detailed responses to various particular courses of action that might be recommended in the coming weeks. Keep them on file; together, they cover almost any situation.

Economic Sanctions—The market will thwart them. Will only work if all U.S. allies cooperate. Will hurt Western

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industry, farmers, and foreign exchange just as much as they hurt the Soviet bloc.

Covert Action—Gets found out anyway. Use words like "not so secret" and "so-called clandestine" to describe it. Alienates other countries, driving them into the arms of the Soviets.

Military Force—Should be used only if 1) requested by all the countries involved, 2) carried out in accordance with international law, 3) used with moderation to avoid chances of embroiling the country in a widening and escalating conflict, 4) needed to protect a vital interest, and 5) all efforts at a negotiated settlement have failed.

Military Aid to U.S. Allies—Tends to go to corrupt right-wing dictators who trample on "human rights." Makes America an "arms merchant," thus fueling the "military industrial complex." Threatens to involve American ground forces. Fails to solve the "root problems" that "make revolution inevitable."

Military Aid to Insurgents—A drastic violation of international law. Makes the U.S. a terrorist nation. Not unlike the policy of Libya or the PLO, which Reagan criticizes.

Economic Aid—Justified, but must be for humanitarian, not political, purposes.

Voice of America Broadcasts—Megaphone diplomacy. Tend to spew out Western propaganda.

And whatever you say, Alex, never fail to bring up the "moral high ground." Americans seem to think one loses it every time one does anything but negotiate.

Sincerely yours,
Vladimir

NEW YORK—THOUSANDS MARCH IN SUPPORT OF NUCLEAR FREEZE, CALL FOR HALT TO ARMS RACE; MOVEMENT ATTRACTING PEOPLE FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE.

November 28, 1982

My dear Alex,

You want to know why the freeze pamphlets continually stress that only a "mutual" halt to nuclear production would be acceptable, and you worry that the qualification that an agreement must be "verifiable" will render the movement completely useless. I must say, you were not at your best when you wrote that, Alex. Thank goodness the freeze advocates are not using your methods. The nuclear-freeze proposal, timed to coincide with Reagan's plans to increase military spending, is potentially a momentous development for us. If this idea goes through, those Pershing and cruise missiles will never be deployed in Europe. And if *that* happens, your entire salary will be justified a thousand times over.

The beauty of the freeze movement, as we have seen it manifested in the early Vermont town meetings and city rallies, is that it is so broad. Didn't you see all the housewives and blue-collar workers at the New York rally? The *New York Times* did. Clearly there is something interesting and useful going on here.

Sincerely yours,
Vladimir

July 30, 1983

My dear Alex,

Thank you for sending me the advance copy of Richard Nixon's latest book, *Real Peace*. I must admit that when I first read it, it struck me as nothing new. After all, Nixon has always called for things like "détente with deterrence" and a "tough, realistic foreign policy."

Your underlinings and your attached memo, however, are quite convincing. I can see how, quoting carefully, one could contrast Nixon's buzzwords with Reagan's foreign-policy actions. Because Nixon spends so much time puffing up Reagan explicitly, I had not even seen that possibility.

Indeed, you have gotten well ahead of the whole crowd on this one. It wasn't until several days after your letter that I saw all the Op-Ed pieces fawning on Nixon as a "statesman." But are you sure Nixon has been invited to speak before the National Press Club? This is such a pretty development I hardly know what to say. The same people who destroyed his Presidency are now promoting him as the great pragmatist simply because he would operate a foreign policy a little bit to the left of Reagan's. How ironic. How resourceful.

Keep up the perceptive work. You have, as they say, grown.

Sincerely yours,
Vladimir

BONN, WEST GERMANY—ANTI-NUCLEAR PROTESTS FAIL TO PERSUADE WEST TO ABANDON MISSILE DEPLOYMENT; SOVIETS ACCUSE REAGAN OF "COWBOY TACTICS," SAY THEY WILL BUILD MORE SS-18s.

November 21, 1983

My dear Alex,

I see that you are despondent now that the Western Alliance seems certain to deploy the Pershings, but, truly, your lamentations about our "great and probably irreversible defeat" are wildly overstated. Really, there has been no Western "victory." Five years ago, we had a substantial advantage in nuclear weapons in Europe. Today, that advantage is larger. Five years from now it will be larger still. Reagan himself has admitted that when all the Pershing and cruise deployments are completed, they will not equal the number of warheads the U.S. unilaterally destroyed in the 1970s. What has happened is that the West has decided, at least for now, to keep its weakness within tolerable bounds. It has resolved to maintain a European deterrent. In other words, we failed to achieve what could have been a substantial gain, but we lost nothing. The U.S. and its allies, under the most reactionary set of leaders in recent history, narrowly escaped checkmate. But we still have the better pieces on the board.

But this is between you and me, as they say. When talking with Americans, we should make every effort to encourage them to believe they have indeed won a victory. Soon they will begin to wonder: What have we won, except another expensive step in the arms race? Then it will be time to remind them that the whole reason for building the missiles was to give President Reagan "what he called a needed bargaining chip" in arms negotiations.

Then we can start lamenting the fact that there has been no arms-control progress, and we can explain that the placement of missiles in Europe seems to have strengthened the hands of our hawks in the Kremlin—make sure to concede that "we have our militarists, too"—and to have made it much harder for Soviet pragmatists to do business with President Reagan. Eventually someone will float the

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idea of a temporary halt on the production of Euromissiles. Arms talks will reconvene, and within a few days Ronald Reagan will have to send George Bush out to defend the moratorium on the very missiles that were such a "victory" not so very long ago.

You see how it works, Alex? In Western politics what is done is often less important than why it was done. If the missiles stay in, but we can erode the idea that they are there to prevent an attack by our forces, then we have accomplished something far better than keeping them out in the first place. We have eroded the will of the West at the very same time that the West has convinced itself that it is being tough. Soon after that the missiles themselves will go. They are only a material reflection of the West's willingness to defend itself.

Sincerely yours,
Vladimir

P.S.: In your debate on arms control, I notice the figures you used to describe the nuclear balance are those given by TASS on April 4. I know those are the numbers we are told to use, but, frankly, Americans will not be convinced by them. The *New York Times* did a chart on May 14 that you should memorize and use instead. Its numbers have much more credibility, and besides, the *Times* chart shows a much greater U.S. advantage in most areas.

May 18, 1984

My dear Alex,

You see? No sooner did your whimpering about the cruise-missile deployments subside than Congress voted to make production of the MX missile contingent upon our refusal to negotiate at arms talks. All we have to do is walk up to the table and there goes the MX.

I must say I was not very pleased by the way you hooted with laughter over my suggestion that you explain our use of biological warfare in Afghanistan—yellow rain—by saying that the natives are simply victims of "bee droppings." I assure you, Alex, that this is a serious argument in the United States, and a Harvard biologist, Matthew Meselson, has endorsed it.

Your own explanation of yellow rain—that the chemicals were dropped by the CIA to embarrass the Soviet Union—isn't bad, but why try and work up enthusiasm for this somewhat predictable line of argument, when we can use Meselson's exotic hypothesis instead?

Sincerely yours,
Vladimir

WASHINGTON, D.C.—REAGAN TAKES 49 STATES IN ANOTHER LANDSLIDE; GOP MAKES MODERATE GAINS IN HOUSE; PRESIDENT VOWS TO KEEP ECONOMY ROBUST AND DEFENSES SECURE.

November 10, 1984

My dear Alex,

It would be absurd to view Reagan's re-election as a victory for us, and yet it is not the end of the world. One has to develop a perspective on these things. Between 1974 and 1979, you will remember, Alex, nine countries fell to Communist control: South Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Afghanistan, Ethiopia, Angola, Mozambique, Nicaragua, and Grenada. Since Reagan came to power in 1981

we have lost one pawn—Grenada—from the board. But Reagan has not seriously overturned our strategic advantage, and if our final drive has to be postponed another four years so be it. I do not foresee any more losses for us in the next 48 months.

And yet, Alex, our superiors are not men of nuance. They do not take the same broad view of the recent elections as I do. They are furious, and they want blood. Yours.

To put it bluntly, Alex, you screwed up. You made quite a bit of progress by the end, but it was too late. You made several blunders that assisted our enemy, embarrassed many valuable people on our side, and blew the cover of at least five sympathizers who were previously regarded with reverence by the American Left. Finally, a great deal of my valuable time had to be spent instructing you on basic strategies and tactics that you should have picked up on your own.

Even if my suspicion is true, Alex, that we could not have stopped Reagan's re-election, nevertheless I hold you responsible for the defense improvements of the first Reagan term, particularly the President's support for Strategic Defense, which will cause our people headaches for the next several decades. That is why I fully approve of the decision regarding your future, while feeling a bit sorry for you. Where you are headed it tends to get rather cold, even in the summer.

This is a rather hurried good-bye. I shall probably not see you again. You did not help my situation here, comrade, but if there is anything I can do for your wife and infant son, I will consider it.

Yours,
Vladimir

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ABROAD

PEKING *The Lamps of China*

China's quest for oil resources in offshore fields has so far proved seriously disappointing to authorities here who were banking on such discoveries to provide domestic energy for future industrial development. The Chinese National Offshore Oil Corporation (CNOOC) as a result has offered an additional 36,000 square miles of its coastal waters to foreign prospectors, and has reduced its terms for foreign exploitation of any oil found. So far, terms have been steep: The companies were obliged to pay all exploration costs and at least 49 per cent of development costs after oil had been found. The CNOOC is shortly to open an office in London to further its interests and contacts in Europe. It already has offices in Houston and Hong Kong. Two years of drilling in the South China Sea have produced almost no commercially viable results, even though forty companies were involved. The new offerings include drillings in the Pearl River Basin off Canton, long regarded as among the most favorable sites, and the prices for rights have come down. The Chinese had originally hoped for the discovery of a vast oil-bearing field off their shores comparable to fields in the Middle East. There are indeed oil-bearing rock formations to be found in Chinese waters, but there is definitely no very large field to discover. What oil is found there will be deeper down and consequently more expensive to exploit.

ROME *Islam in the Eternal City*

The cornerstone of the biggest mosque in Europe has finally been laid in a wooded tract on Monte Antenne on the outskirts of Rome. Designed to serve Italy's 150,000 Moslems, forty thousand of whom live in the capital, the mosque will include an Islamic cultural center, a library, and a student dormitory. It will be surmounted by a large dome surrounded by 16 smaller ones; its minaret has been scaled down to a mere 75 feet in height out of deference to St. Peter's and other monuments. The mosque has been a source of controversy—and not just over the height of its minaret—since it was first projected in 1978. It took the Roman Municipal Building Council 17 hours of fierce debate to approve the original plans. Then environmental groups objected on the grounds that it would spoil an undeveloped tract of land hitherto used as a park. The architects, both European and Islamic, battled so extensively among themselves that the situation at times threatened seriously to disturb Italy's diplomatic relations with the Arab countries.

RAVENNA *Sick Sea*

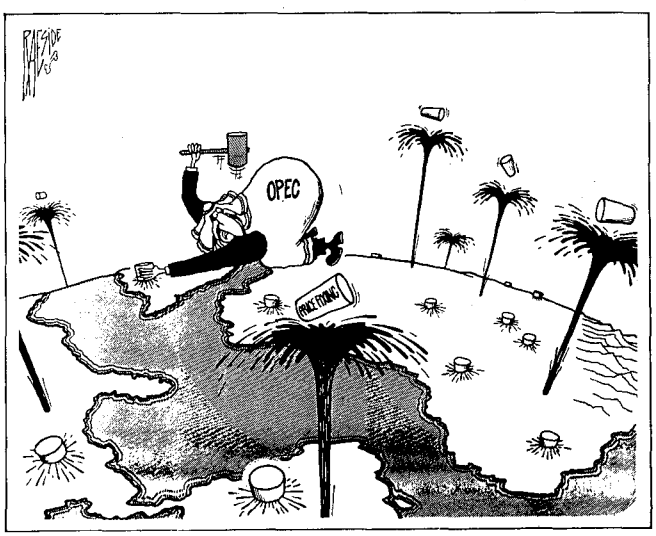
The Adriatic Sea, one of history's most renowned bodies of water, is in danger of "dying" from pollution, according to environmental groups, largely because of conflicts and cross-purposes within the Italian bureaucracy. On the one hand, there are continuing attempts, launched and relaunched, to limit the discharges of sulphur and other noxious chemicals from giant utility plants in the lower Po valley; one environmental authority estimates that the discharges are equivalent to throwing seven thousand automobiles a day into the sea, which, being almost tideless, is particularly vulnerable. But then it turns out that some of the utilities have multinational subsidiaries that have been commissioned by the Italian Foreign Ministry to manufacture fertilizers for the Third World, fertilizers whose processing also causes pollution. So there are policy decisions that go beyond the limits of environmental concern. Yet another group involved is the hotel owners and innkeepers of the Romagna coast of northern Italy, who are afraid their 2.5-billion-lire annual vacation business will literally go up in the smoke of the polluted Adriatic waterfront.

ISLAMABAD *Big Losses*

One of the Soviets' biggest losses in their five-year war of subjugation against Afghanistan was the destruction by guerrillas of ten Soviet helicopters at one swoop at the main Soviet base of Bagram north of Kabul. The attack occurred at the height of a snowstorm when all aircraft were grounded, according to refugee sources. Some fifty guerrillas participated in the attack, which also destroyed six tanks and three ammunition storage installations.

LONDON *What the Drill Is*

A vexing problem has been created for the performance of the time-honored rifle drill by the scarlet-coated, bearskin-helmeted guardsmen who pace majestically before Britain's royal palaces. The new British army rifle is simply too short to permit soldiers to comply with traditional regulations on how to hold their weapons. The new rifle—the 5.56-mm SA-80—weighs one pound more than the weapon on which the old drill manual was based, but is 14 inches shorter. That means that if the rifle butt is on the ground, the average soldier is too tall for the muzzle to reach his fingertips, thus rendering impossible a couple of important drill positions, including Order Arms. For this command, the guardsman will instead hold the rifle across the lower body at arm's length. In the Shoulder Arms position, the rifle is held by the butt under the right elbow, instead of being cradled in the palm of the right hand. There is no significant change in the Present Arms maneuver, but the order to Fix Bayonets will come when the rifle is at Shoulder Arms, rather than when its butt is on the ground as before.



Rayside, *Victoria Times-Colonist* / Rothco

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CONSERVATISM: THICK AND CLEAR

In the collection of essays entitled *God in the Dock*, C. S. Lewis observes that a true religion "must be both Thick and Clear" so that it will fit "both the child and the man, both the savage and the citizen, both the head and the belly." Only Christianity, in his view, "really breaks down the middle wall of the partition. It takes a convert from central Africa and teaches him to obey an enlightened universalist ethic: it takes a twentieth-century academic prig like me and tells me to go fasting to a Mystery, to drink the blood of the Lord."

Lewis's words have relevance to more churches than one—particularly to that Coleridgean "church" we call conservatism. A while ago, in the pages of *Modern Age*, I read Russell Kirk's reading the libertarians out, and Murray Rothbard's reading Frank Meyer into the libertarians, with the usual mixed results—and I recalled how nonplussed I had been twenty years ago when I was first asked, "Are you a libertarian or a conservative?"—as though one could assuredly not be both. But that, *pace* Mr. Kirk, I do not believe. For the fact is, as I hope to demonstrate, that the traditionalists are, in Lewis's terms, the Thick, and the libertarians the Clear, in the conservative "church."

For quite a few years now, philosophers have wrestled with the "problem of induction"—by which they mean how things can be proved from experience—or, alternatively, how one can generalize from "events" (whatever they are) to laws. This, however it is done, involves a mode of reasoning different from the deductive reasoning to which we normally apply the word "logic" (a difference seen when we compare the statement, "He is a man, and therefore mortal," with the statement, "Men are mortal"). We deduce that we will die from the "fact" that all mankind dies—but the "fact" itself we cannot deduce. We can only, somehow, accept or reject.

Mr. Lobdell is a professor of economics at Washington and Jefferson College in Washington, Pennsylvania.

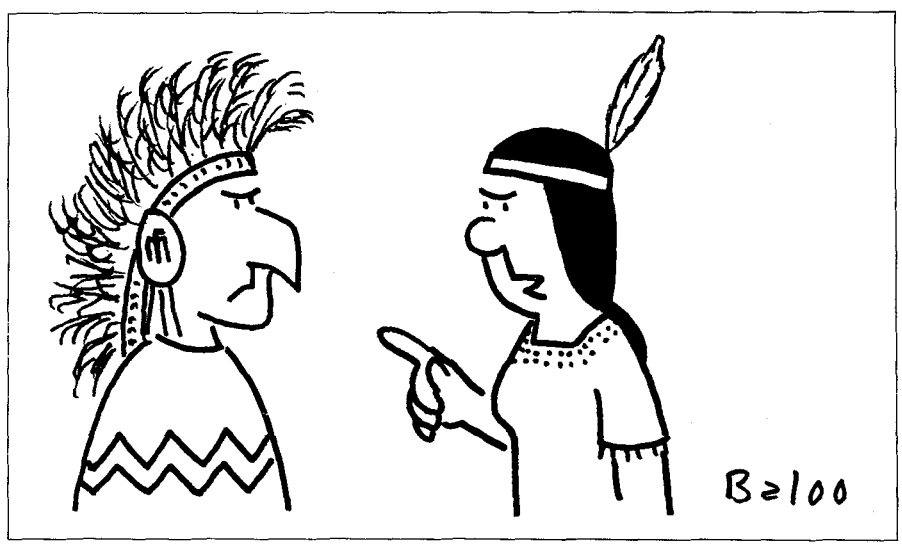
On Our Own

Why, then, do we accept "facts"? Out of a due respect for the opinions of mankind? Because everyone "knows" them (and never mind how the "knowing" takes place)? Logicians can define the difference between L-truth (logical truth—which is to say, truth *within* a system of reasoning) and F-truth (factual truth—which is to say, which system best fits the "outside" or "real-world" facts). But they will not explain how to establish F-truth. For that, we are on our own, with the rest of mankind.

We do accept "facts" because everyone "knows" them. Like Dr. Johnson, we know that if we kick a stone, and we feel it, then the stone is "really" there. For all our kicking, we have proved nothing, and yet we will continue (quite reasonably) to insist that the stone is there—and that the sun will rise tomorrow morning, and that Napoleon was emperor of the French, and (if we are Christians) that Christ is the Son of God. These are all pieces of inductive knowledge. They may not, of course, be true. But to the extent that they are all based on the testimony of mankind, they bear witness to the tremendous importance of tradition. There are many and various traditions in world civilization, but all inductive knowledge depends on one or more of them.

It is my contention that the Clear (in Lewis's terms)—what we frequently call the rational—is coterminous with the deductive. And the Thick—what we call the traditional—is coterminous with the inductive. Each, as Lewis argued, is incomplete without the other: "The savage convert has to be Clear: I have to be Thick. That is how one knows one has come to the real religion." The same kind of test can be applied to our conservative "church."

There is, of course, more than one kind of deductive—that is Clear—system of thought, even within conservatism. And there is likewise more than one conservative tradition (quite apart from the fact that conservatives may guard other traditions than their own:



"Don't you ruffle your feathers at me!"

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As Chesterton reminded us, "It is only Christian men / Guard even heathen things"). Nevertheless, it remains true that to ask the question, "Are you a libertarian or a traditionalist?" is sometimes like asking the question, "Are you a believer in deductive or inductive logic?" The only correct answer may be, "Both—depending."

Where Do You Start?

I SAY "SOMETIMES" and "may be," for not all conservative rationalists (and here I think particularly of the Randians) necessarily start with those parts of conservative tradition from which most "traditionalists" start, and not all traditionalists (the name of Russell Kirk comes to mind here) necessarily accept the logical principles—deductive logic, or, if you like, "rationality"—that lead from the conservative tradition (as premise) to the libertarian, or individualist, conclusion.

That is, to be sure, the problem, and it is a misperception of the problem that led to the coining of the term "fusionist" to represent a variety of conservative thought whose principal philosopher is supposed to have been the late Frank Meyer. Professor Rothbard has argued that Frank Meyer was "really" a libertarian—well, yes, I daresay he was: He reached essentially libertarian conclusions arguing rationally from a central core of tradition. He had, perhaps, a higher regard for the power of deductive logic than many of us do—but that does not mean he was not also a traditionalist. It is time, in my view, for the word "fusionist" to be retired: It represented a misunderstanding when it was coined, and it has tended to perpetuate that misunderstanding.

There are, meanwhile, other answers to the problem of induction. We can bypass the problem entirely and say, "If it works, it's good enough for me"—and never mind, for the moment, what we mean by "works." This particular bypass is (in Spengler's terms) the Faustian or mechanical answer, and it is peculiar to the modern West; its hallmark is the working hypothesis. This I believe to be the "liberal" answer to the problem of induction.

There is also what might be called the millenarian or apocalyptic response, in which experiential knowledge depends on the vision of the individual knower (though different visionaries may agree on what is essentially the same vision). All three—traditionalists, engineers, millenarians—may, from their different premises, agree on some conclusions. But if we are going to use the word "conservative," I think we had better restrict it to those who accept the "traditionalist" answer to the problem of induction. Judge Richard Posner of the Seventh Circuit, for example, is a scholar whose work I greatly admire, and a jurist with whose decisions I will generally agree, and with which conservatives will generally agree. But he is an engineer—a pragmatist—in his response to the problem of induction.

We may dispute (as historians) the contents of tradition: But it is only if we are already conservatives that we will think its contents important. We may dispute (as mathematicians) the parameters of the deductive system by which we get from the tradition to current policy recommendations: But it is only if we are already conservatives that we will be interested in following this particular path to policy. It is quite possible to deduce "libertarian" conclusions from tradition—I do it myself (although I agree sufficiently with Mr. Kirk on the modal value of opinions commonly held to disagree with Frank Meyer—and others—on the subject of Abraham Lincoln). The great philosophical gulf is not between libertarians and traditionalists, but between those who accept the "traditionalist" answer to the problem of induction and those who do not. We may, of course, agree with pragmatists or millenarians on specific programs, but that does not make them conservatives—any more than a disagreement on programs necessitates reading those who disagree out of conservatism.

Thick and Clear, both are part of conservatism. One cultivates one's own garden, but there are other gardens also within the bounds. □

'No Pornography or Rhyme . . .'*

**From the* 1985 Writer's Market *entry, requirements for submission to* The Yellow Butterfly, *a poetry journal in Lebanon, Oregon.*

As the lights glow red and bleary, on a midnight bleak and dreary
When the rhymers' wares are shamelessly displayed,
Come the puritanic legions—dressed in Izod shirts and Weejuns—
Of the Modern Poets' Anti-Rhyme Brigade.
They have heard of Shelley's lewdness and of William Shakespeare's rudeness;
But these goodly folk, who to Parnassus climb
Armed with rage and A. R. Ammons, leap like Pentecostal salmons
In the fight against pornography and rhyme.

The brigade combats the poet who, with lustfulness inchoate,
Fans his urge as with a *Playboy* magazine,
Knowing verse that will attract'll be a naked double dactyl
Or a lusciously iambic porno queen.
Literati, when accosted, get John Donned or Robert Frosted,
And they never lose that primal, rhymal glint;
While to stay in macaroni, Dante's signed with Guccione,
And John Keats is penning rhymes for Larry Flynt.

There's a special Janissary force that's led by John Ashbery
And the Arts Assizes judged by Robert Bly;
To arrest the rhyme infernal, they have outlawed every journal
Of *beaux arts* except *The Yellow Butterfly*.
"To a Skylark" is more dangerous than *Naked Came the Stranger*,
And the avant-garde must strive to stop the crime;
So in their crusade united, they see free verse expedited
In the slaughter of pornography and rhyme.

—MILES DAVID MOORE

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THE MISSING THIRD ALTERNATIVE

SOMETHING WAS missing in most journalistic accounts of Pope John Paul II's voyage to Latin America from January 26 to February 5. Liberation theology, these accounts usually said, is "political action to correct injustices." What on earth can be debatable about that? As it often must, however, the press tended to deal with *two* antagonists: "liberation theologians" and "conservatives." And so missed the point.

As God is Triune, so (you will find) are most created realities, made in His image. It should be a rule for commentators to speak in threes. So it is in Latin America. The missing third term in the press accounts is the liberal alternative to both socialism and traditionalism—what in Latin America is called *liberalismo*. Liberalism means a commitment in peace and civility to democracy, to capitalism, and to pluralism. Liberals abhor the statism both of traditionalists and of socialists.

Clearly, Pope John Paul II speaks for change, structural reform, and a broad move away from long-standing injustices. Just as clearly, he opposes "Marxist analysis" and "class struggle"; to him these represent both false theory in pursuing justice and aberrant *praxis*. Without quite saying so, he implicitly sketched in Latin America a Third Alternative, neither traditionalist nor socialist.

The historical exhaustion of the traditionalist way is obvious. In most Latin American states, the traditional state smotheringly controls more than half the economy, its jobs, and its wages. Banks are stubborn about making crucial small loans to poor persons who would like to start their own businesses (a villager, e.g., who would like to purchase a truck to carry his village's produce to market). Where economies are not free, human relations tend to be political—i.e., based upon whom you know, not what you can do. A habit of mind develops in which success is thought to come from outside, from "above," by favors rather than by personal achievement.

In an important sense, this traditionalist habit of mind throws oil on the fires of "Marxist analysis." The template of Marxist analysis is exquisitely simple: If you are poor, your poverty is caused by others. *Search out and destroy the enemy.* Poverty has a cause; the cause is structural; it is embodied in commerce and industry—i.e., in the capitalist bourgeoisie. Therefore, progress entails class war.

The canons of traditionalism are anti-capitalist for one set of reasons. (Among these are the aristocratic point of view, exhibited often in literature and *belles-lettres*, and the antagonism of traditional "organic" and "corporatist" Catholicism toward the commercial republic of the Anglos, etc.) The canons of Marxist-Leninism are anti-capitalist for other reasons; viz., that they serve an illiberal revolution.

The social base of Latin American traditionalism is the land-owning class, pre-capitalist, corporatist, tight-knit, inter-familial. The social base of Latin American Marxism lies in journalism, the universities, the intellectuals.

The decisive concrete issue today is that Latin America desperately needs jobs, and neither traditionalists nor socialists can create them. It is now impossible for all Latin Americans to find employment in the traditional way, on the land. Given the children already born, some sixty million new jobs will have to be created during the next 15 years. An explosion of local entrepreneurship, small businesses, local industrial establishments, and the manufacture of all sorts of goods is urgent.

Further, the social base of democracy (effectively limiting the power of the state) lies in independent freeholders in a relatively free economy: independent craftsmen, owners, builders, creators. This, too, is the basis of the vital sphere of cultural freedom, civil argument, dissent, compromise, and hard-won cooperation. In short, a liberal economy.

Pope John Paul II, of course, concentrates on the spiritual, not the technical and institutional, criteria of his Third Alternative. Before him, some in the Church imagined that the Catholic "Third Way" would be a stage beyond socialism and capitalism. No longer. As the Pope made clear in Latin America, it is a stage beyond socialism and traditionalism.

The free nations of the world have shown that their free economies are compatible with, indeed indispensable to, a working democracy. Such political economies provide for free unions, social security, pensions, and those dynamics of social mobility that steadily churn up the fixed inequitable distributions of income so visible in traditionalist societies. These are precisely the few concrete worldly criteria for the Third Alternative that the Pope named in Latin America.

THE POPE regards "Marxist analysis" as a deception, whose murderous conclusions are implicit in its beginnings. Those who blame Latin America's condition on "dependency" on Europe and North America —and who therefore counsel "class struggle" on the international level—dig themselves into a darkness that, in his experience, is no liberation at all.

Latin America has its own genius. Freed from both traditionalist and socialist straitjackets, its people's creativity can make of their territory's vast natural resources a new wonder of the world. The battle in Latin America is a battle of the human spirit. It will be won or lost as a war of ideas. In this battle, the Pope does not need soldiers; his ideas cut cleaner than any sword. It's a pity then that his crucial Third Alternative keeps getting lost on the cutting-room floors of the press. □

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BLABBERS AND IDLERS

RECENTLY, while standing in a supermarket checkout line, I read on the cover of a tabloid one of those chilling statistics that is always causing people to indict this century of ours. In scarlet letters were the words, "18 Million Parents Abused by Their Children."

This was so unsettling that on my next trip to the bookstore I pulled from the quarterlies rack a journal called *Radical History Review*. Even on the extreme Left, it seems, parents are being abused. In this case, it's a form of verbal abuse.

In the summers of 1982 and 1983, some 150 offspring of radical families met in northern New Hampshire to discuss life as "red-diaper babies," that is, children of Communist Party members. Absent were the parents, who had spent such energy to conceal, to dissemble, to lie. Instead, here were their offspring, blabbing away!

Radical History Review has published transcripts of the participants' discussions about their "red-diaper" childhoods. The comrades' kids spill all sorts of beans.

The editors conceal the names of the actual participants, and a good thing it is for bigmouth "Lorraine." Probably the oldest of the group, she was taken by her parents to the Soviet Union in 1930. "My father was honored by the Soviet government and invited to join the Soviet Communist Party as an American. But living conditions were very difficult and we came back." A member of the Young Pioneers while in the USSR, Lorraine "became very involved in various activities from the Spanish Civil War on" once she returned to the United States. Lorraine's mother was "a well-known activist, primarily in the American Labor Party, but she was also a member of the Communist Party."

"Janet" is only 33 years old, and she crows about having been raised in such a way that her "identity . . . was never divided into political or cultural. It was our whole lifestyle. . . . From the time that I was in my mother's stomach, I was taken to demonstrations." As Janet describes, "May Day was our spring picnic."

And Janet has more to say: "From the time that I was five, I was cautioned not to talk to strangers because of the FBI. My parents were union organizers and they were in the CP."

"At one point," remembers Janet, "when I was very young, they were asked to go underground and they had to give up all their friends for a while."

Underground?

"Kim," age 37, comes from four generations of radicals. "My father was one of the national leaders of the Party. Probably the first thing I learned is the expression, 'The walls have ears,'" Kim recalls. "The FBI was outside our door every day for three, four years. My father was underground when I was five. . . ."

MANY OF the comrades' kids say they grew up feeling at ease only in the company of other Communist and radical Left families, and with others felt they were playacting. Many grew up feeling schizophrenic, and some even now describe themselves as "schizzy."

There is pathos in these writings, and it is not hard to feel for these children of fanatics who, like fanatics of every stripe, sacrifice even the well-being of their offspring to political causes.

Collapsing in a chair, I began to fan myself with the nearest magazine, a Canadian resurrection of Samuel Johnson's *The Idler*, after a lapse of 225 years. The editors admit that this interruption "has meant the loss of a considerable number of our subscribers." Of course, calamities of this sort happen frequently in the nonprofit sector; still, it is refreshing to find a small journal willing to refrain from blaming its out-of-house circulation service.

Clearly, these are brave souls, as one would suspect of persons willing to name a magazine after Johnson's magnificent series of short essays. Happily, their talent is equally impressive.

These Idlers demonstrate an unusual grasp of the publishing business even in their introductory essay, which begins, "It is an easy thing to launch a paper, if you are very, very rich." Disqualified by fortune from the easy way, the editors have pressed on nonetheless, because they are "slightly discontented" with the output of Canadian publishing. They hope to produce a serious but not humorless monthly magazine for "old-fashioned general readers." Thus an article on Canadian schools begins as follows:

> A cerebration is disturbing the peace of teachers, politicians, and bureaucrats. Inasmuch as the literacy rate is approaching that of Tibet in the nineteenth century, something must be wrong with our schools. This realization came only ten short years after parents began pulling their children out of the public system by the vanload. Alarmists, some. Others merely felt uncomfortable about knowing more math than the kids, or having to read aloud to little Johnny (now 15) the McDonald's menu, Johnny having been taught nonphonetically and therefore unable to "recognize" E-G-G M-C-M-U-F-F-I-N or sound it out.

The first number of *The Idler* boasts several original essays in its 32 pages, and also reprints one of Johnson's. Available at $24 per year (from P.O. Box 280, Station E, Toronto M6H 4E2, Canada), *The Idler* is partly dependent for its success on the outcome of a unique advertising campaign: Readers are asked to carry the magazine conspicuously whenever they are in a public place. □

Mr. Scully is editor of This World.

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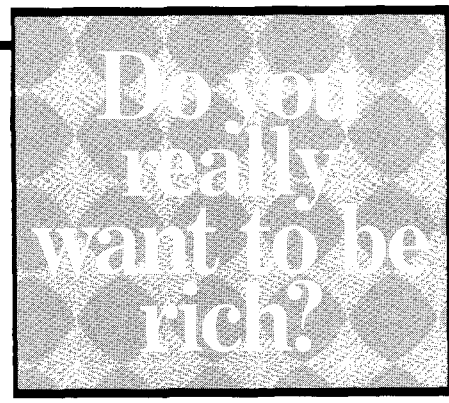
The $1,000,000 Question:



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STRANGER IN PANAMA

Jeffrey Meyers

Getting to Know the General, by Graham Greene (Simon & Schuster, 249 pp., $14.95)

WRITERS PRACTICE the politics of the powerless and tend to worship charismatic leaders. Like Malraux with de Gaulle and Lowell with Eugene McCarthy, Greene idealizes, romanticizes, and sentimentalizes General Omar Torrijos of Panama, who died mysteriously in a plane crash in 1981. Like Hitler's on a good day, Torrijos's "pockets were always full of sweets for the children." He was feared by many Panamanians as a ruthless dictator, but admired by Latin Americans for standing up to Washington in 1978 and winning back the Panama Canal. Torrijos threatened, if he failed to get his treaty, "to sabotage the canal and take to the mountains and jungle," but his bluff was never called.

Greene saw that Torrijos, who seized power after a coup in 1968, was a cut above the usual military dictator. He distinguishes between Torrijos and the right-wing "authoritarian generals who held their power with the aid of the United States"—Videla of Argentina, Pinochet of Chile, Banzer of Bolivia—and compares him to the somewhat less repulsive Tito and Castro. The Panamanian Pancho Villa was a leftist and nationalist who gave refuge to the Shah, helped rescue Eva Perón from house arrest in Argentina, and provided sanctuary for political refugees from everywhere from Chile to El Salvador. Torrijos wanted "a social-democratic Central America which would be no menace to the United States, but completely independent."

Greene disingenuously claims: "I don't know what had been in the mind of the general when the invitation [to visit Panama] was dispatched." But he suggests that Torrijos—a lonely, affectionate man—wished to indulge in some rare moments of self-exposure with a distinguished and sympathetic outsider. He also wanted a friendly observer, well versed in the tragic politics of Central America, during the "heroic days" of the treaty negotiations. Greene's handsome tribute to the general confirms Torrijos's faith in the value of propaganda.

Greene's motives for accepting the invitations to visit Panama five times between 1976 and 1983 were more subtle and complex. He wanted to escape from the lonely and frustrating life of a writer, to feel a certain sense of adventure while flying through the jungle in private planes, to make a little entry into history. Greene's interest in Latin America had always been strong. He had written about Mexico in *The Power and the Glory*, Cuba in *Our Man in Havana*, Argentina in *The Honorary Consul*; he had attacked General Stroessner of Paraguay in *Travels with My Aunt* and Dr. Duvalier in *The Comedians*, and had been on friendly terms with Allende and Castro. In these countries, politics have always been "a matter of life and death."

Greene was aware of being manipulated and tested by Torrijos, who sententiously remarked: "Intellectuals are like fine glass, which can be cracked by a sound. Panama is made of rock and earth." But Greene—whose left-wing views, it is rumored, have cost him the Nobel Prize—"never hesitated to be 'used' in a cause I believed in, even if my choice might be only for a lesser evil." The writer was drawn to Torrijos's "charisma of near-despair" and was bound to him by a powerful anti-Americanism. He presents a rather biased view of Panamanian history that recognizes neither the benefits of an American-controlled canal nor the defects of the dictator whose benign rule, according to Greene, resembles "the democracy of the Athenian *agora*." Greene joined the Panamanian delegation that went to Washington for the signing of the Canal Treaty, acted as intermediary for guerrillas who had kidnapped an English banker and South African ambassador, and took official

Paul Gottfried is the editor of the historical journal Continuity, *which is published by the Intercollegiate Studies Institute.*

Forrest McDonald is a professor of history at the University of Alabama.

Jeffrey Meyers has contributed a chapter on Graham Greene to Fiction and the Colonial Experience. *His biography of Hemingway will be published next summer by Harper & Row.*

J. O. Tate, a professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island, New York, is a member of the editorial board of the Flannery O'Connor Bulletin.

Terry Teachout is assistant editor of Illini Review *and a student of psychology at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign.*

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ Last February Titles: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s *See You Later Alligator* (Doubleday, $16.95) concerns Blackford Oakes in Cuba, in the aftermath of the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion (see review, below).

Lay Bare the Heart: An Autobiography of the Civil-Rights Movement (Arbor, $16.95), by James Farmer, is the author's account of his engagement in the civil-rights movement as the founder of the Congress on Racial Equality.

Peter Stansky's *Redesigning the World: William Morris, the 1880s, and the Arts and Crafts* (Princeton, $27.50) argues that Morris's commitment to radical politics must be seen as the stimulus to his manifold cultural preoccupations (institutionalized in the English arts and crafts movement), which were directly dependent on the notion that revolution was necessary in order to make art an irreducible component of life itself.

☐ Coming in March: *Marxism: Philosophy and Economics* (Morrow, $15.95), by Thomas Sowell, argues that many self-styled contemporary "Marxists" may be said to have invented a series of "modern concoctions" bearing little, if any, relationship to the ideas of the master—whose contribution to modern economics is in any event "virtually zero."

In *The Spoils of Time: A World History from the Dawn of Civilization through the Early Renaissance* (Doubleday, $19.95) C. V. Wedgwood offers a redoubtable—and readable—historical and cultural synthesis.

Facing Nature (Knopf, $13.95) is the fifth volume of verse by the novelist, critic, and poet John Updike. . . . In *Blood Meridian: Or the Evening Redness in the West* (Random House, $17.95), Cormac McCarthy has created a haunting and original novel of Texas in the early nineteenth century.

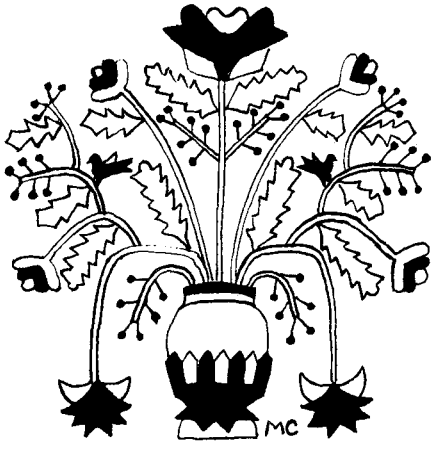
☐ Coming in April: In *Grave New World* (Oxford, $17.95), Michael A. Ledeen (formerly a foreign correspondent and advisor to Secretary of State Alexander Haig) warns that the unpredictability of American and Soviet foreign policy gives rise to serious global risk. —CW

trips to Belize, Nicaragua, and Cuba. His portrayal of these countries seems naïve when compared to the bitter disillusionment and cynical wisdom of V. S. Naipaul.

Getting to Know the General is an odd mixture of elegy, autobiography, political analysis, and travel book. (It is worth noting that even Greene does not rate a full cloth binding and much-needed map from his publisher.) The septuagenarian Greene developed a paternal attitude toward the handsome general, who was young enough to be his son, and vicariously participated in the sexual adventures of Torrijos as well as of his security guard, Sergeant Chuchu—a boring character who is unaccountably praised for "human wisdom much greater than my own." As the memoir progresses, Torrijos becomes increasingly remote from Greene; after their last meeting "there has been nothing really to report." Greene seems to believe that Torrijos's plane was sabotaged by a bomb, but offers no evidence that the CIA was involved.

The other significant characters are also vague and lifeless. Greene meets the Colombian novelist García Márquez and Father Ernesto Cardenal, the Nicaraguan Minister of Culture, but fails to give the substance of their conversations. Even Castro, who has followed Greene's career and questions him about his adolescent predilection for Russian roulette, remains a shadowy figure.

Greene's portrayal of Panama is not particularly interesting. His style can be awkward, and he gets bogged down in pointless details. Determined to go where no tourist has ever been, Greene, stranded in "dull towns" like Chitré and "terrible spots" like Bocas del Toro, is forced to amuse himself by photographing vultures. The artistic failure may be attributed to the fact that Greene originally planned to write a novel about Panama called *On the Way Back*, but never reached the incandescent moment when a character adopted a life of his own, "took possession of the writer, spoke words that the writer had not anticipated, and behaved in an unpredicted way." ☐



FICTION

AFTER 'WHILE CROCODILE

J. O. Tate

See You Later Alligator, by Wm. F. Buckley Jr. (Doubleday, 351 pp., $16.95)

Someday someone is going to do for Blackford Oakes and his creator what Kingsley Amis did for James Bond and Ian Fleming in *The James Bond Dossier*; that is, someone is going to analyze the assumptions, conventions, delights, and perplexities imposed by the narratives that "embody" the hero. To pursue such a project would entail drawing some parallels, as for example one between Fleming the Naval Intelligence officer, who tried—and failed—to ruin a Nazi gambler in Spain during World War II, and Bond, who did ruin a Communist at the baccarat tables in *Casino Royale*. Blackford Oakes, not altogether dissimilarly, is a CIA agent created by a man who once briefly served in that agency—in Mexico, where, among other places, Oakes finds himself in this, the sixth of his adventures between covers.

Like James Bond, Blackford Oakes characteristically finds himself burdened with a secret knowledge of global import. Also like James Bond, Blackford Oakes is a member of what is now called "the heterosexual community." But Fleming's fantasy of pirated nuclear weapons in the Caribbean (*Thunderball*, published in 1961) must stand in stark contrast to the melodramatic but photographically verified facts of that episode of Soviet adventurism known as "the Cuban Missile Crisis" of October 1962, which is the ostensible crux of *See You Later Alligator*.

Of course, the differences are what strike one most forcefully, for we have in Blackford Oakes a hero who is capable of prayer and of tears. The adventures of James Bond, unfortunately, turned early toward a coarseness of the flesh and of the spirit, even as those adventures detached themselves

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from hard realities and genuine conflicts in favor of sham-grotesque villains, phony quandaries, and pneumatic bliss.

The many readers who have waited for "the new Blackford Oakes" are going to be surprised, for in adjusting his formulas somewhat, Mr. Buckley has broadened his range. Not only is *See You Later Alligator* a good hundred pages longer than its predecessors, but also this "thriller" or "spy novel"—what Graham Greene would perhaps have deceptively denominated an "entertainment"—takes on the challenge of bringing to life such *papier-mâché* figures as the hirsute and clangorous Fidel Castro as well as that revolutionary charmer, Che Guevara. These individuals, long since buried under mounds of rhetoric and lies, are as unlikely candidates for resuscitation by a novelist as any who might be named, yet these same mannikins indisputably live and breathe in these pages, puffing a pipe or chomping a cigar, flashing personalities, flaunting egos, and betraying trusts.

Indeed, Blackford Oakes's elaborate and finally fatal tango with Che Guevara—one that ends in great personal bitterness—represents a larger tragedy: that of Cuba and its relationship with the United States. And the history of the betrayal of the Cuban revolution is firmly embedded, in this novel, in the larger story of the Communist presence in the Hispanic world in this century. From the Spain of the Twenties through the Spanish Civil War, and, by way of Moscow, through the Mexico of General Cárdenas and the assassination of Trotsky, we are taken on a tour through the epic of the Cuban revolution and the drama of its "Sovietization," and onward to Che Guevara's death in Bolivia in 1967. Only those deaf to all resonance will fail to make a connection with the Nicaragua and El Salvador of today.

There's a quality of high seriousness uniting the episodes and flashbacks that not even all the hijinks of wit can muffle. Here a pensive President Kennedy wonders, "Why did God give us hydrogen bombs and Communists at the same time? What the hell, while I'm at it, why did God give us Everett Dirksen?" JFK's estimation of Andrei Gromyko ("What a creep") only goes to show that some things, like human nature and sometimes human physiognomy, never change. But it's in a

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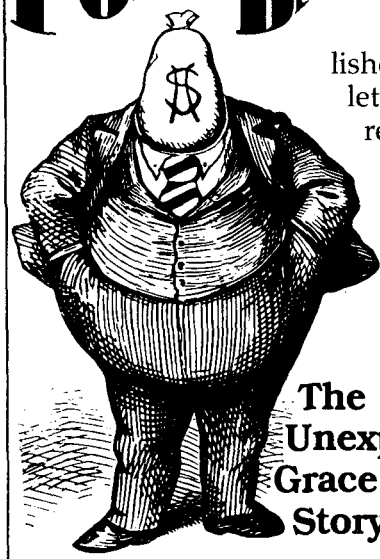

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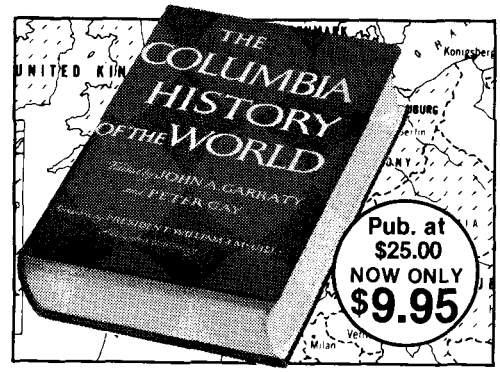

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much less puckish tone that Oakes wonders "whether they whom Whittaker Chambers had with such striking melancholy called the winning side had got hold of history's vectors, as indeed Marx had promised they would; so that when the struggle was against the barbarians the going was choppy, while when you ran with them the seas smiled you along on their course."

The devotee of Blackford Oakes will naturally anticipate "the pleasure of the text" and, sure enough, will not fail to find the familiar hall-of-mirrors quality of a phrase like "Blackford's beloved NATIONAL REVIEW." The reader will also be satisfied by the mildly sadistic joy of savoring the foolishness of lofty pronouncements as delivered then by Walter Lippmann and McGeorge Bundy. But such amusing trademarks should not distract the reader from the serious wordplay on "trust" as word and name, nor from the ironical Christian echoes of the language of the following passages about Marxist revolutionaries:

> It was in high mood that they broke out one of Antonio's father's 1917 gourds of good red wine—"an appropriate color," Concho said, smiling, "to toast the beginning, in Barcelona, of true revolutionary activity." They all resolved to sleep in the same house to anneal their fraternal bonds and consecrate the singularity of the historical occasion. "Perhaps someday," Concho whispered to Rico, who was preparing to sleep on the couch, "this house will be a shrine." Rico nodded solemnly.
>
> On the day that Lenin died Raúl felt as though he knew what it must have been that the Apostles experienced at Calvary.
>
> Indeed, the cruel treatment given to Rico, Héctor, Concho, and Antonio, to say nothing of Raúl who had been entirely innocent, was so to speak a profanation of Lenin who was not only a leader but a prophet.
>
> He spent the late afternoon and evening worshipping at Red Square. It required a two-hour wait in line before he could get in to view the corpse of Lenin.

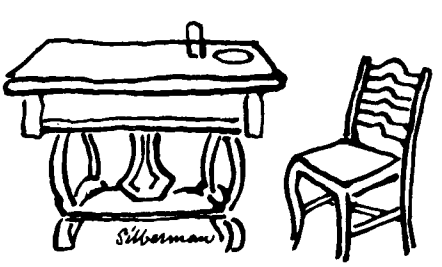
In the context of such diction, the mausoleum displaying the remains of Lenin is the dialectical-materialist twentieth-century counterfoil to the empty tomb.

Bill Buckley has extended his range to a broader amplitude of reference and implication than ever before in his novels. Can we claim that he has excelled the chastening symbolic action assembled in *Stained Glass*? We can say that even more than in that novel, Buckley has opened up the past to show its shadowy containment of an aborted future. He has in any case gone farther in assimilating the opposite, in fictionally representing the revolutionary temper—in providing a not unsympathetic expression of socialist idealism, and in demonstrating its corrupt and perfidious history, one that seems to be logically necessary in its development. To have gone so far, as with the insinuating ventriloquism that renders a Che Guevara of personal magnetism and human weakness, is to have shown an artistic faculty beyond the reach of mere skill but not beyond that visionary sweep that the poet called "negative capability."

As for Blackford Oakes—the only secret agent who would inquire about the workers, "Where do they go to church?"—he ends up comprehending better than he might have wished the distinction between "*Hasta luego*" and "*Adiós*" as, in the rarefied air of the Andes, he makes a grim decision in which the political and the personal modes are fused. His awareness in that thin atmosphere sends us back to the beginning, and a pun on *spiritus*:

> Though perhaps—he attempted to reason objectively—the realization of the Wall in Berlin, and the renewed palpability of life on the free side of that Wall, had also done much to affect his spirits. They focused now on the need to snatch his own life from the rotting carcass of the political world he had inherited, and to breathe deeply the free air of the West, resisting the impulse so to involve himself in the mixed motives of mankind as to develop chronic melancholia.

This metaphysical quality—a moral awareness—is in the tradition of such novels as John Buchan's *The Thirty-Nine Steps* and Geoffrey Household's *Rogue Male*. What's most admirable about Blackford Oakes is his resistance to black bile—and to despair—in this evocation of history that is a meditation upon it. □



FREER EXERCISE

Joseph Sobran

Reconsecrating America, by George Goldberg (Eerdmans, 145 pp., $9.95)

RECONSECRATING AMERICA is about the "establishment of religion" and "free exercise" clauses of the First Amendment, and maybe you have to have tried to explain constitutional principles yourself in order to appreciate fully what a feat of grace and concision and simple wisdom this little book is. George Goldberg is a member of the bar of the United States Supreme Court, among other things, and I can only hope the Court listens carefully to him.

Scholars have often spoken of a "tension" between the two requirements, i.e., of government neutrality in religious matters and of full freedom of worship. Goldberg sensibly takes the position that there used to be no problem to speak of, since it was assumed by the Framers and by most Americans that the purpose of both clauses was, in fact, religious freedom. Moreover, the Federal Government was hardly concerned with religion at all: The stipulation that "*Congress* shall make no law *respecting*" religious establishment and practice was understood to leave such matters to the states, several of which continued to have official churches *and* religious freedom long after the Constitution was ratified.

The real trouble began when the Supreme Court took the dubious position that the Fourteenth Amendment had "incorporated" the Bill of Rights into the state constitutions. If, for example, the Federal Government had to recognize your right of free speech, so did the states. Liberals loved this "expansion" of our liberties, although for some reason they don't want to "expand" the right to bear arms.

There are other difficulties with the incorporation doctrine. One is historical. The Court didn't announce it until 1925, or put it into effect until even later; nor has it ever done so consistently or convincingly. It obviously didn't occur to the general public, which debated and rejected a proposed constitutional amendment shortly after the Civil War that would have done for religious freedom what the Court

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now says the Fourteenth Amendment had *already* done. Even after 1925 state courts weighed issues of religious freedom without recourse to the national Constitution, which all sides tacitly agreed had no bearing on the cases at hand.

Another difficulty is logical. The incorporation doctrine holds that citizens of the several states are entitled to the same "privileges and immunities" as citizens of the United States. This plainly applies to the free exercise of religion; but how to the establishment clause? You have no personal "right" *not* to have an established church, since, as the British case illustrates, you can have establishment along with your freedom to worship elsewhere or not at all. Establishment may or may not be used to abridge religious freedom, but it doesn't constitute a violation in itself.

The Court didn't even address the establishment question until 1947, in the famous *Everson* case. It discovered that public-school prayer was unconstitutional only in 1962, and changed its rationale for saying so within a year. Truly, the Constitution is a "living document," at least in the wrong hands. Goldberg's brisk review of the Court's flip-flops on these big questions finds time for amusing details. Felix Frankfurter was so angry at Hugo Black and William O. Douglas for deserting their early alliance that he wrote (in a letter to Learned Hand) that Black was "a self-righteous, self-deluded part fanatic, part demagogue, who really disbelieves in law," and Douglas "the most cynical, shamelessly immoral character I've ever known." The school-prayer decision was condemned not only by Herbert Hoover and Cardinal Spellman but also by Bishop James Pike and a young Jesuit named Robert Drinan, who denounced "the alliance of Protestantism, secular humanism, and Judaism which controls the public schools." (Do me a favor and quote that frequently.)

The Court's "legal legerdemain," as Goldberg calls it, has resulted in nearly total incoherence. Unwilling simply to repeal the errors of its predecessors, the Burger Court has tried to modify their practical effects by introducing quibbling and untenable distinctions. So the Court has wound up having to decide the case of a Jehovah's Witness who was jailed for putting tape over the state motto on his license plate—and Burger complains about his work load!

The Court could have saved itself a lot of trouble by striking down earlier rulings for the nonsense they were, but the Justices have always had too strong a political instinct to do that: It would weaken the prestige and power of the whole judiciary, which profits by an aura of oracular infallibility. Burger has preferred to maintain the pretense that his liberal predecessors were cogent. On the other hand, he has refused to follow their logic further by ruling that tax exemptions for religious bodies are unconstitutional, which would have picked a political fight the Court could only lose, and lose badly. In his own way, Burger has been as "result-oriented" as the liberal ideologues. Goldberg notes shrewdly that the Court has a long habit, too, of casually claiming powers for itself that it is too prudent to exercise at the moment of their invention.

This man knows judges. In fact he speaks from experience throughout, and he speaks as a Jew who demands full religious freedom for Jews without supposing that this can be enjoyed at the expense of others' freedom. He is well disposed not only toward their freedom but toward their faith itself. The book begins with a warm reminiscence of his high-school chorus, in which Jews and Christians sang religious music on religious occasions without dreaming that they were conspiring against the Constitution. He thinks the experience was valuable, and he ridicules the idea that Jewish children need to be "protected" from such cornerstones of Western culture as the *Messiah*.

On the matter of school prayer, Goldberg is confident that amicable settlement is feasible within communities without the aid of judicial taboos on religion. To give primacy to the establishment clause, as liberals have construed it, can only curtail free exercise. But the basic objection to the liberal position, he says, is that "it is not honest:"

> It is fascinating how the same people who on certain occasions profess great sympathy for minorities and poor people turn into Marie Antoinette when confronted with school prayers: Let them go to private school, or let their parents teach them religion. How can a person who in the context of aid to dependent children cite statistics of broken homes,

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rodent-infested apartments crowded beyond imagination, and children roaming the streets untended, in the context of school prayers conjure up warm families sitting around the fireside listening to the paterfamilias (50 per cent of minority children in the United States live in fatherless homes) recite verses from the Bible with appropriate commentary?

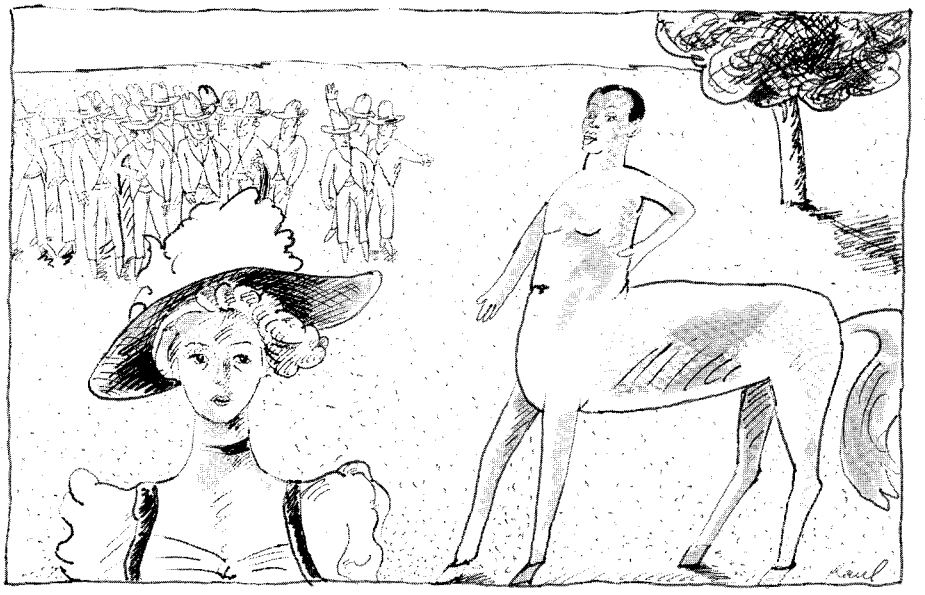
This is an excellent point, not just because it is logical, but because it recognizes religious faith as a concrete *need*—which is why its possession is an important right. Liberalism has tried to reduce religious freedom to a sort of suburb of intellectual freedom. While answering liberalism powerfully on its own terms, Goldberg doesn't fall into the trap of supposing that those terms are the ones in which religious freedom really ought to be considered. A man like him, as opposed to a liberal, would regard the Soviet persecution of believers as a horror worth our attention. A man like him should sit on the Supreme Court. □

MIRABLE DICTU

Forrest McDonald

The Crucible of Race, by Joel Williamson (Oxford, 561 pp., $25)

BETWEEN 1889 AND 1915, race relations in the South underwent what Joel Williamson calls the Great Changeover. The facts would appear to be approximately as follows: Whites had long tended to perceive blacks alternately as children and vicious animals, as Sambo or savage. The end of Reconstruction in 1876 was followed by a period of paternalism on the part of "conservatives," accompanied by ineffectual protests by "liberals" who thought blacks could work their way into the mainstream of Southern life. Then, abruptly, in 1889, the white South was swept by a wave of fear and rage, and racial "radicals" (not political radicals) went on a rampage that overthrew both conservative and liberal positions. The black was now perceived as having regressed from the modicum of civilization he had acquired under slavery, returning to his natural bestiality and declining in numbers so rapidly that he was expected soon to disappear. Meanwhile there



was, or appeared to be, a surge of black criminality and especially of the rape of white women.

The first white response was lynching: In the Southern states in the decade of the 1890s an average of 138 persons a year, three-quarters of them black, were lynched. These were gruesome affairs, attended by huge crowds, and each one seemed to incite greater blood-lust among radicals. (Said Rebecca Felton, a fiery radical who would later become the first woman in the U.S. Senate: "If it takes lynching to protect women's dearest possession from drunken, ravening beasts, then I say lynch a thousand a week if necessary.") The next white response was more generalized. In the realm of direct action, lynchings gave way to race riots, in which bands of whites went about randomly slaughtering blacks. In the realm of politics, blacks were systematically disfranchised, deprived of other civil rights, and segregated. The process was completed by the Wilson Administration's segregation of government employment. By 1915 the black was "in his place" to stay until the 1960s, radicalism was dead, and racial conservatives were back in control—serenely confident that blacks, the burdens of citizenship now removed, were contented with their lot.

The question is, how does one account for this quarter-century-long outburst of violence and the accompanying "Great Changeover"? Williamson considers but dismisses the possibility that the radicals might have had some provocation. He points out that there had grown up in cities all over the South a black "street-corner society of pool halls, juke joints, and women . . . in which the hero was too smart to work and too highly sexed to be satisfied by one woman." He also points out that crime rates among blacks were high: In Atlanta, for instance, there were about eighty thousand whites and fifty thousand blacks, yet ten thousand of the seventeen thousand arrests made annually were of blacks. He goes on, however, to use such words as "seeming" and "alleged" to describe black criminality. He ridicules the notion that blacks were physically regressing, though he records that the Prudential Insurance Company found in 1881 that the death rate for blacks was 50 per cent higher than for whites. He belittles the datum as an example of racial prejudice by indicating that the black population continued to increase (he does not tell us, though it is a fact, that the life expectancy of adult blacks in slavery had been higher than that of whites, or that the rate of natural increase of the black population in slavery had been higher than that of whites whereas in freedom the black rate fell to a fraction of that of whites).

The source of the violence, Williamson maintains, lay not in anything blacks were doing but within the twisted hearts and minds of whites. You see, this was the climax of the Victorian Age, a time when white males had "pedestalized" (*sic*; is that what they mean by the "abominable crime against nature"?) their women and therefore deprived themselves of wholesome sexual outlets. The mythical "black beast rapist was the only man on earth who had sex with Southern white

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women without inhibition, to the exhaustion of desire, and *mirable* [*sic*] *dictu*, without guilt." Thus black men "had achieved what white men, in the Victorian infatuation, had lost—'no fault' sex." In other words, white men were "projecting upon black men extravagant sexual behavior because they were, at varying levels, denying ordinary sexual behavior to themselves. . . . Simple death, clearly, was too good" for the blacks, hence the lynch mob.

Such Freudian theorizing is, of course, passé everywhere except in the historical profession. That Williamson's thesis is outmoded may be demonstrated by a fact that he himself supplies: Fewer than a third of the lynchings were for rape, real or alleged. Besides, one wonders, if sexual frustration causes lynching, why were the Boston Brahmins of the period not out in the streets stringing up Irishmen?

The history of race relations is an inherently interesting and important subject, one that is too important to be trivialized by amateur psychoanalysis. On the other hand, it is not, as Williamson would have it, the central feature of Southern and American history, the pivot upon which all else turns. Nor is white America a uniquely "racist" society. Xenophobia—suspicion and distrust of people who are or appear to be different—is common to all of humanity, and indeed in many circumstances it has survival value. We may strive to overcome it, and perhaps the extent to which we do overcome it is a measure of our civility. It does not, however, facilitate our understanding to describe it as racism and to wallow accordingly in guilt. □

OF HUMAN BONDAGE

Paul Gottfried

Slavery and Human Progress, by David Brion Davis (Oxford, 374 pp., $25)

SINCE THE 1950s, David Brion Davis, Sterling Professor of History at Yale University, has written voluminously on slavery. His latest book treats of the changing views of slavery in nineteenth-century Western culture.

Although Davis presents his material thoroughly and perceptively, he is a man with a strong political passion. Unlike other academic men of the Left, such as Eugene Genovese and Bertram Wyatt-Brown, he makes no attempt to deal sympathetically with those destined for the dustbin of history. Davis views the past and the present in stark Manichean terms, crying out against nineteenth-century slaveowners and praising reformers.

Even so, Davis does clarify the battles over slavery in the first half of the last century. He is particularly informative about England's successful efforts toward abolishing the international slave trade between 1808 and the mid-1850s. Davis attributes this particular development largely to a shift in public opinion set in motion by the stirrings of religious conscience. Bishop William Wilberforce and his fellow evangelicals inside and outside the Anglican Church made a compelling Christian case against the slave trade and, finally, against slavery itself. Although Davis does not deny the persuasiveness of natural-right arguments against slavery, he properly observes that natural-right theorists from John Locke on were often ambiguous on the question of involuntary servitude. The abolition of slavery throughout the British Empire in 1833 represented a victory for evangelical Christians, who rejoiced over the "act of faith that supposedly removed Britain's burden of guilt and redeemed Christianity in the eyes of a skeptical and exploited pagan world."

Basic to the anti-slavery stance of English and American evangelicals was the belief in human progress, which had gained currency since the eighteenth century. John Wesley, the father of Methodism, had viewed the enslavement of black Africans as incompatible with life in a redeemed Christian society. Wesley had scolded the Scottish skeptic David Hume for disparaging remarks about the intelligence of Negroes. He and later evangelicals wished to show that Christianity, not the "infidel Enlightenment," was what was needed to advance human morals. Moreover, the evangelical hope for an imminent Second Coming supported the belief that the war against slavery had world-historical significance. Thomas Fowell Buxton, George Stephen, and Bishop Wilberforce, all of whom fought slavery in the British Empire, were influenced by millennialism. Even the New England Calvinists, despite ingrained pessimism about human nature, came to oppose slavery as part of their civilizing and redemptive mission. If human nature was, as the Calvinists believed it to be, deeply flawed, then slavery, by allowing one man total domination over another, increased the opportunity for sin.

Such theological arguments appealed to the prospect and even necessity of human progress, but, according to Davis, the advocates of slavery also invoked the same ideal. The slave trade and sugar production (which depended on servile labor) had contributed significantly to European and Early American commerce. Although Christians and Jews had greater difficulty than Moslems in reconciling the slave trade with religious teachings, Westerners long justified slavery as economically productive and morally beneficial for backward races. Such ideas remained widespread even in the nineteenth century; American slaveowners drew upon them to justify their way of life.

Davis outlines another view of human progress that often overlapped with the evangelical one, the free-market vision of the classical liberals. Many abolitionists were both evangelicals and fervent admirers of Adam Smith. They worked for emancipation not only as their Christian duty, but also because of their belief that free labor was more productive than slave labor. Unfortunately, this proposition could not be proved in the British West Indies. By the mid-1830s West Indian planters were growing anxious about their investments and tired of negotiating for short-term labor. With government complicity they began to impose long-term contracts on former black slaves and imported East Indians. The governor of South Carolina, James Henry Hammond, in making an argument against abolition, cited the "acknowledged failure" of West Indian emancipation. Later Southern polemicists insisted that capitalism would only produce wage slavery and failed social reforms such as the one in the West Indies.

Soon there arose religious visionaries who mocked these appeals to material interest. Northern Protestantism on the eve of the Civil War combined opposition to slavery with postmillennial faith. Preachers throughout the North demanded the removal of slavery in preparation for the Kingdom of Christ. It is hardly surprising that devout Northern Protestants resorted to apoca-

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lyptic images to describe the ensuing war.

Davis lapses toward the end of his book into his own celebration of progress. One need not like traditional slavery to recognize the smugness of his perspective. The American Civil War and the struggle against European colonialism are both presented without the slightest sympathy for the losers. Davis quotes Marx's sometimes perceptive comments on America in the 1860s, mostly to remind us that the ultimate victory of socialism necessitated a Southern defeat. The final epiphany of Davis's triumphant progress is the United Nations under Third World leadership. He closes his work by evoking the scene of formerly oppressed peoples banishing slavery from Arab emirates. Despite this achievement Davis cautions against excessive optimism: Wage slaves can still be found in Central America, Namibia, and other benighted places presumably outside the socialist camp. Davis never mentions involuntary servitude in the Soviet Union or among the victimized inhabitants of Third World states. Such a topic may be unfit for discussion in the UN—or at the gatherings of Yale professors. □

NOT ALL FOLLIES

Jeffrey Hart

The Intellectual Follies: A Memoir of the Literary Venture in New York and Paris, by Lionel Abel (Norton, 304 pp., $17.95)

THIS IS A startlingly good book, even possessing some original, formal interest. I had been aware of Lionel Abel as one of the "New York intellectuals" of the Forties and Fifties. He was at the time a frequent contributor to *Partisan Review* and other journals,

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OF HIS EXPERIENCE in the Polish underground during World War II Leopold Tyrmand writes:

> There were some among us, certainly, who pondered the Constitution and the American promise, or dream, but for most of us the collective improvisation of a Dixieland combo came to mean, if only subliminally, the perfect emblem of freedom and all the necessary energy to defend it. It was an image of liberty whose dynamics, at that time, seemed invincible, the ultimate representation of free utterance, the typification of a situation where anyone plays his own tune, providing he submits to a wise and superior arrangement.

Perhaps so; but maybe Tyrmand would admit in retrospect that the energy which one associates with jazz is essentially hedonistic, carrying none of the heroism and stamina of an earlier —and equally popular—tradition of patriots and freedom-lovers of which Beethoven's *Eroica*, Wagner's *Rienzi*, and almost all of Verdi's early operas are representative. And jazz itself prepared the way for rock—that clangorous orgy of robotic copulations which, so far from giving rise to a passion for civic freedom, conduces to bestiality in its fans and hermitism in sane people. Unfortunately, freedom today, while it continues to be represented by a variety of emblems (such as blue jeans), appears to have been divested of any that can be said to profess either resonance or staying power: this being in fact the thesis of the book in which Tyrmand's remarks appear.

On Freedom: Essays from the Frankfurt Conference (Devin-Adair, 6 North Water Street, Greenwich, Conn. 06830; $12.95), edited by John A. Howard and with a foreword by Robert A. Nisbet, is an anthology of addresses—all of them interesting, some of them much more than that—delivered at a conference entitled "For Your Freedom and Ours," held in Frankfurt in November 1982 under the auspices of the Rockford Institute. Of the nine contributors four are American (Ronald Berman, John A. Howard, Richard John Neuhaus, and Leopold Tyrmand); while the remaining five include Paul Johnson, Leszek Kolakowski of All Souls, Oxford, Melvin J. Lasky (a Britisher, I believe, by choice), Nicholas Lobkowicz of the University of Munich, and Arthur Shenfield, an English economist, barrister, and author.

Among these more than competent panelists, the common concern of paramountcy is the precipitous decline of the ideal of political freedom that has occurred in the democratic West since the end of World War II and which Lasky traces to about 1960: when the "European renaissance" that was a product of the cataclysm and the ensuing Cold War ran out of gas, to be replaced by the rampant neo-Marxism that has plagued civilization during the past quarter-century and according to which "political freedom" is irrelevant and "personal freedom," or "social freedom," of the essence of democratic existence. Considering the adherents of the contemporary ethos, Ronald Berman writes in "Feeling Unfree" that

> They naturally want government either to get on with the main job of life as perceived by so much of the demi-philosophy of our time, which is to change the human condition, or else admit that it has no claim on them. It is tempting to use a term which has been invoked—the *failure of nerve*—to explain much that has transpired . . . but I think it might be better to presume some assertion of ideas. . . . Even a non-idea may have a time that is come.

As Robert Nisbet observes, "Freedom takes on its importance only in the company of the values of morality we cherish"; and there is an underlying assumption common to these essays that the chief threat to political freedom today is posed less by the geopolitical context than by the moral and intellectual one. John Howard, in "Reopening the Books on Ethics: The Role of Education in a Free Society," makes a strong bid for returning education, at the earliest possible moment, to its original role as chief inculcator of a common moral denominator; while Arthur Shenfield reminds us of the importance of business to a free society, and Paul Johnson, in a splendid piece, defends the free-market system as "an infinite natural computer, which in the long run has the infallibility of nature itself." Ultimately, however, what is required is a "new philosophy of freedom," based upon a renewal of moral purpose both individual and collective (cf. Pastor Neuhaus, "New Hymns for the Republic"); and informed, as Mr. Kolakowski puts it, by the regained knowledge of the "*essentia* of being human . . . [which] may never be deduced from gathering data about human behavior." □

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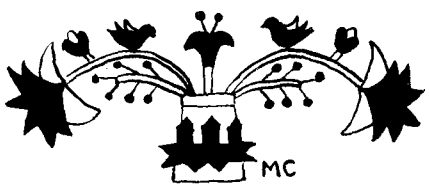
and he was often embroiled in polemics with others of the New York intellectuals of the period. So I settled down with this memoir expecting to enjoy some choice gossip and an evocation of the period—of which we have had several recently, as surviving members of the group hover in the vicinity of threescore and ten—but there is much more to this book than gossip and anecdote (though there is plenty of both). Here, certainly, are New York and Paris—as well as, once again, Philip Rahv, Dwight Macdonald, Meyer Schapiro, Mary McCarthy, William Phillips, Paul Goodman, and many others.

In many respects, however, Mr. Abel is a European as well as a New York intellectual, at home in St. Germain des Prés with the group that gathered around Sartre in the years after the war, and we hear much about Sartre, de Beauvoir, Merleau-Ponty, Camus, Jean Wahl. It is in his European aspect that Abel is involved with a wider range of ideas, and at a more impressive degree of mastery than we are accustomed to in his more familiar New York circle. Thus (and here in part is the formal originality of this memoir) he frequently interrupts his narrative to include mini-essays on philosophy, modern painting, politics, the theater, and other subjects. These are consistently brilliant and become very much a part of the overall narrative.

For example, Abel, an accomplished playwright, is highly analytical about the formal issues raised by the theater. He is excellent on the social circumstances under which the absurdist drama arose during the Fifties, and, by extension, on the social circumstances of all successful theater. A play, he argues, must give its audience "what it wants" in a way not required for a novel or a lyric, because the audience in the theater is uniquely *part* of the play. Abel adds that the great playwright always gives the audience "something more" than "what it wants." John Milton thought of writing his own version of *Macbeth*, but didn't. Abel thought of taking up Milton's project, but didn't; and, as his own "something more," provides us with an altogether plausible précis of the *Macbeth* John Milton might have written.



In a harrowing and comic chapter called "Breakup," Abel places the demise of the New York intellectuals as a group in 1958, when, at a meeting where several of them got drunk, they could not bring themselves to sign a statement condemning the Soviets for their treatment of Boris Pasternak. The New York intellectuals, he says, could not make themselves do anything that might be construed as injurious to "the Left" or as endorsing U.S. policy, even when they could no longer define what "Left" meant. Where Zola or Victor Hugo would certainly have spoken out for Pasternak, the New York Left intellectuals found themselves impotent to do so, and consequently became irrelevant as a political and cultural group.

I myself recently published a book about American life in the 1950s, the argument of which is that the Fifties, so far from being dull, were rather exciting in a great variety of ways: My view is that those who say the Fifties were dull are merely cultural-cliché kibitzers. I am pleased to say that the narrative evidence in Abel's book supports my own view of the Fifties (assuming such support were actually needed). Here is Abel on the atmosphere surrounding the Eighth Street school of "abstract expressionist" or "action" painters:

> For my own part, I must say that the experience of ideas in the air is a very exciting one, and I think I can say, too, that the only time since the Thirties I have ever been aware of anything like this was during the Fifties in the art club and at the Cedar Bar . . . Probably the closest that we had to the Mermaid Tavern was the Algonquin Bar and Luchow's in the days of the *American Mercury*, and we certainly did not have cafés like the Flore or the Deux Magots or the grand cafés of Montparnasse frequented by writers and painters. But in the Fifties there was the Cedar. It was drab, grimy, and chaotic, but beneath the noise and the hum of conversation, the talk about art and by the artists—by Philip Guston, Franz Kline, Bill de Kooning, Spaventa . . . beneath all the talk and noise and often desperate remarks, there was an extraordinary optimism, quite American in fact, about painting, and most especially American painting.

This is an attractive book by a man who illuminates whatever he writes about, and who writes about important things. □

THE AMERICAN SOUND

Terry Teachout

Copland: 1900 through 1942, by Aaron Copland and Vivian Perlis (St. Martin's/Marek, 402 pp., $24.95)

"THE WAY to write American music is simple," Virgil Thomson says. "All you have to do is to be an American and then write any kind of music you wish." As always, Mr. Thomson's point is a clever one, but it isn't as simple as that—not in music and not in anything else, either. Just think of E. B. White musing about the right time to cut hay; Count Basie playing the blues; Fred Astaire dancing on the ceiling; Ansel Adams photographing an Arizona sunset; Henry Fonda walking down a dusty road. There is a common tone in what these men do, a kind of exuberant plainness, that says "American" in accents as crisp and clear as fireworks on the Fourth of July. And there is a composer whose music speaks to us in those very same accents, whose vitality and serenity and simplicity *are* American music: Aaron Copland.

To be sure, Mr. Copland's music comes in a variety of styles: the hard, brittle grandiosity of the Piano Variations, the lucid stillness of *Appalachian Spring* and the Emily Dickinson songs, the high-kicking charm of "popular" pieces like *Rodeo* and *Billy the Kid.* But all of these styles are part and

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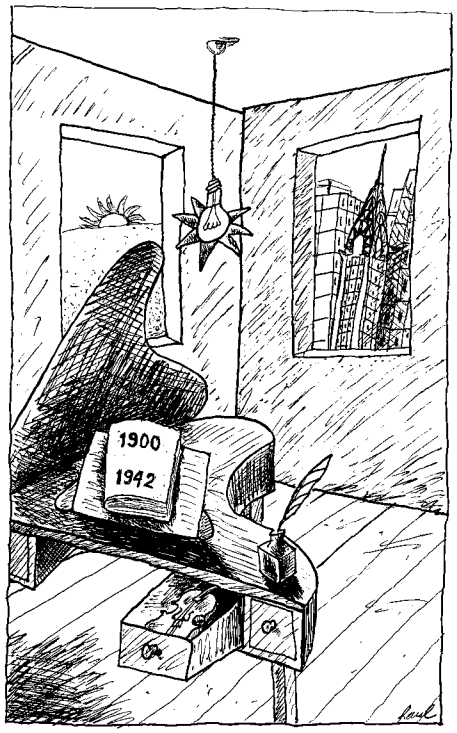
parcel of the same sensibility and serve the same artistic ends. Samuel Lipman has expressed these ends better than anyone else:

> Copland's true achievement . . . lies in his ability, through the use of melody, to evoke a mood—the mood of America of the period from the Civil War to World War II. There is in this period of American life a combination of leanness and grandeur that Copland manages to capture. He does more: He catches the emptiness of the city and the quiet of the land. Having done all this, he has succeeded in fixing in the mind of a large public an aural image of what America, and therefore American music, sounds like. Copland sounds like American music, and music that is felt to be American sounds like Copland.

But Aaron Copland's place in the history of American music goes beyond his activity as a composer. Since the 1925 premiere of his Symphony for Organ and Orchestra, Copland has been a powerful and continuing presence on the American musical scene. An entire generation of promising composers, following Copland's example, went to France to study with Nadia Boulanger, heard their music played at Copland-sponsored concerts, saw their music praised in Copland-written articles, got their music published on Copland's recommendation by the Cos Cob Press. His influence has by all accounts been consistently benign, it's virtually impossible to get anybody to speak ill of Copland, in public or in private, and those who now call him "the dean of American composers" do so without a trace of irony.

Copland stopped writing music a decade ago, and advancing age has gradually forced him to cut back on his conducting engagements, giving him time to work on the autobiography he "always intended to write." With the assistance of Vivian Perlis, director of the oral-history project in American music at Yale University, he has now brought out the first volume of his memoirs, *Copland: 1900 through 1942*. It is Copland's fifth book, and like its predecessors it is written in a plain, unadorned prose whose typically American sound echoes the familiar cadences of his best music.

Copland's contribution to *Copland: 1900 through 1942* consists of ten chapters that cover his childhood in Brooklyn, his studies in Fontainebleau and Paris, his early days as a musical



enfant terrible in New York, and the period of stylistic transition during which he simplified his musical language—stimulated, it seems, by the "socialist realism" of his friends at *The New Masses* and in the Popular Front movement—without compromising his artistic integrity. ("I wish these people could see," Leonard Bernstein wrote to Copland after hearing the 1936 premiere of *El Salón México*, "that a composer is just as serious when he writes a work, even if the piece is not defeatist . . . and Weltschmerzy and misanthropic and long.") These chapters are intentionally somewhat "external" in tone, since Copland's purpose in writing an autobiography "was not to present a personal memoir so much as to tell the story of American music as I experienced it in my lifetime"; the closest he gets to an intimate confession of any sort is when he admits to having once greatly admired the writings of André Gide. His modesty is unforced, his recollections rich and detailed; anyone with even a peripheral interest in modern American music will attend to Copland's story with delighted interest.

Such scholarly apparatus as is to be found in *Copland: 1900 through 1942* has been supplied by Vivian Perlis, who has written four "interludes" that supply a historical context for Copland's more informal narrative. These interludes are unnecessary to the flow of the story, with the exception of an intelligent discussion of the period during which Copland flirted with the far Left that puts his short tenure as a "fellow-traveler" into perspective. Miss Perlis has also interpolated statements by several of Copland's friends and colleagues, some of which are far more personally revealing than anything Copland himself has contributed to his autobiography. The illustrations are numerous and extremely well chosen; the index is satisfactory; the footnotes are so thorough as to supply a German translation of "On Wings of Song" and to list 63 people who have narrated Copland's *Lincoln Portrait*.

The only thing missing from *Copland: 1900 through 1942* is the story of what happened to Copland after 1942, an "omission" that will, one gathers, be rectified fairly soon. Still, it's amply clear that Aaron Copland's memoirs will be remembered as a key document in the history of this country's musical growth. And they are already a moving testament to the decency and integrity of our greatest composer: a gawky Jewish boy from Brooklyn who turned the city streets and lonely prairies of America into ballets and sonatas and film scores and concertos for all time. □

THE GIMLET EYE

SET THESE FEET ON FIRE

D. Keith Mano

THE COALS glow splendidly: Chicago seen from 15,000 feet, I think. Michael Sky is gardening them—he hoes, tamps, makes our hot path straight and strait. It is frigid as Downtown Uranus here in the East 76th Street schoolyard. I want to toe through that incandescent pile carpet: I've got cold feet and they turn me eager instead. Network TV cameras pry into this latest American *divertissement*, fire walking. We forty men and women, ring-a-rosie, chant some appropriate sole-toughening torch song. The girl right of me has crushed my thumb pad again. Is that fear, her inner fire alarm? Yes, Sky has stood now on the wet sod jumping-off place. We wait: will his toes go up like a

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ten-match pad? Then, one-two (just one-two?) he has hot-footed it across. Our collective turn. I'm ready, ardent —a three-hour-old fakir—to walk over burning coals.

Sky, who is somewhat less charismatic than flat Nehi soda, has prepped us. He spoke often of positive thought and transformational healing, though neither seems to have worked on his very recessive hairline or glum don't-look-me-in-the-eye verbal life. He and his wife hawk old guru gas. Communal song. Relaxation screams and hip jiggles. Heavy breathing. "Make peace with the shadows." Use your fear, picture a worst possible script, and accept it with joy. (Worst is I might end up with charred ankle stubs. Hell, no problem. I could buy footgear for my hands.) Sky—a polarity therapist, whatever that is—doesn't care to be questioned: we should all shaddap and listen. Sure, fire can burn and this one will be 1,300° F, hot enough to melt aluminum and bring up much fine scar tissue. But Sky studied with Tolly Burkan, who has led thirty thousand Americans out of his own personal frying pan. And, since long before B.C. gave way to A.D., the fire walk was a commonplace event like, oh, female circumcision and infant exposure, I guess. Meantime, would you all please sign this release and don't forget to breathe.

We are a middle-sized classroom full. New York people for whom nothing, not even complete heel grafts, could be worse than the rush-hour AA local or a car alarm set off at 3 A.M. Eight women. One joker who has provided a bag of marshmallows. Another with his ten-year-old son. Somebody who'd like to positive-think an illness away (AIDS, I suspect) through the ordeal of fire. Most confess deep life fear and hope that Sky can, you might say, cauterize it here. Also a delightful old merchant seaman who will tell us, "Ah, I came because once, in Singapore, while celebrating, I ran over hot coals. And I'm curious to know how I did it." We have all seen the big campfire doing torrid pushups outside. There is much skittish yawning around. Even after a breathy three-hour lecture we aren't yet footloose; apprehension has gotten thick as swarm spores. And now it is time. We go out, circled by chilly, impatient TV cameramen, who'd rather be covering a nice vice bust.

I stare at that orange-gorgeous, hissing burn center ahead. No sweat, Yvette: I'm confident and all hyperventilated up. The woman on my right, Old Thumb Squeezer, has let go. She traipses through, unincinerated, I think. And then I saunter in, the Swami of Central Park West. My right foot has stomped fervent embers down. And what? And what? My left foot has hit, lit. And *what*? What! I scuff sparks high and almost stumble. The—whaaat?—pain is dreadful, loathsome: it sears me stupid. I am astonished, distraught, afraid—I am, most of all, ANGRY. I stagger out: I can't even stop to let Sky hose my feet down. I'm dazed: I don't need a full-time dolorologist to tell me about anguish. The soft underflesh of my left instep has begun blistering with lymph and shock. This magazine will kill me yet. How come Brookhiser and Sobran and Hart don't face anything more risky than some wild typewriter return carriage now and then?

Wet your finger and pinch the candle out. Sky's fire stroll is a trick, of course. And an idiotic one, too. Coal scuttling—at least as done by wine-and-cheese amateurs—is no more than fashionable agony. The soft part of my foot, not tougher heel and ball, was blistered. Three more steps and they would've caught like kindling as well. The body can just about bear one hop-skip at 1,300° F. If there were more to it—mind over matter and all that ham hock—why doesn't friend Sky concentrate real hard, intone Om, and go sit on an acetylene torch? Because flesh would die. Put the kindest construction on it, Sky is saying, well, this gimmick (marginal trick or not) will build courage and confidence, as when you let your kid win at chess. But I'm in no mood for kind constructions. At $50 per head (or $25 per foot) he just fire-raked up $2,000—less a cut for the sponsor, less wood and sod, less six or seven dirt-cheap consciousness aphorisms. Plus full media coverage while I ice my feet in the tub all night.

Later, back at the classroom, there is semi-dismay. I'm not alone with my pan-fried arches, it would seem. (Though no one—peer pressure or shock—had shown distress outside.) I say to Sky, "Boy, we were stupid, huh? You sure put one over on us, huh?" He has gotten huffy and, bad sport, won't continue the session. Some few attack me for invalidating their more advanced spiritual state or their hornier soles, whichever. It will get somewhat acrimonious. But that's all right, I've learned a lot. Next month I'm offering this seminar ($75 per, register now) where we'll practice sticking thumbtacks through our nose cartilage. After you've done that, the universe will speak, person to person, in your ear. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Bridges to Infinity: The Human Side of Mathematics, by Michael Guillen (Tarcher, 204 pp., $13.95)

FOR MOST PEOPLE, reading about mathematics quickly brings on an attack of what Michael Guillen calls "math anxiety." However, without an understanding of mathematics, Guillen says, people are deprived of an "intimate understanding of our complex technological world," thereby becoming spectators rather than participants. Without resorting to equations or symbols, Guillen gives the non-mathematician a tour of the fields of mathematics, from geometry to catastrophe theory. The evolution of mathematics started with Greek geometry. Using Aristotelian reasoning, Euclid (fl. 300 B.C.) reformulated geometry into a cohesive and logical subject; his *Elements of Geometry* is the second all-time best-seller, after the Bible. In the 1800s, Euclid's concepts were used to place all mathematics on a logical basis. To the five senses by means of which physical scientists perceive reality, mathematicians add the sixth sense of imagination, Guillen says. Mathematics is concerned with logic and is incapable of proving the existence of anything real; nevertheless, mathematical ideas and the real world often coincide—an indication, as Galileo stated, that "nature has a mathematical basis." Without mathematicians and their "inventions of the imagination," our understanding of the universe would be extremely limited; developments such as Einstein's theory of relativity would have been impossible. Guillen's tour proceeds "beyond infinity" to examine mathematical descriptions of such diverse objects as electrons and black holes, thus demonstrating enjoyably how mathematicians often wind up "inventing reality." RONALD KLUEH

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JESSE v. CBS

NEW YORK, FEB. 8

I AM IN favor of quixotic crusades, but it is also important to know when that is what you are being invited to engage in. And the campaign by Senator Jesse Helms to take possession of CBS for the American right wing is, really, a program to make the existing 24,000 stockholders of CBS a little richer than they now are by bidding up the price of their stock.

Here is the story:

An organization called Fairness in Media has established itself under the sponsorship of Jesse Helms. Its announced objective is to persuade American conservatives to acquire stock in CBS. The purpose? As Jesse Helms put it, "Fairness in Media is counting on you to become Dan Rather's boss."

The tactical proposal is to send out one million pieces of mail to a list of conservatives, and to ask that each addressee buy, if possible, twenty shares of common stock in CBS, which is selling right now at about $75 per share.

Assuming, as a *Wall Street Journal* report reasons, that 2 per cent of the addressees do as recommended and go out and buy $1,500 worth of stock, that would put into the hands of the Fairness in Media organization just about 1 per cent of the (roughly) thirty million shares now outstanding.

So, if you can't take control of CBS by accumulating 1 per cent of the stock, what then do you do? Well, presumably you have another mailing; and a third; and a fourth. And then the idea peters out.

As a friend and admirer of Jesse Helms I confess I wish he had looked into this scheme with a few more experienced friends of the conservative movement before lending his name to it. Here is what's wrong with it, other than that it isn't going to work:

1. What makes CBS so formidable is its resources. These resources pour millions of dollars into the news-gathering business and serve a huge audience of Americans. Most of these viewers are not politically inclined; and most of the material presented doesn't call for ideological coloration.

2. There is absolutely no question that, in the pinch, the principal actors in CBS are liberals. A study of the political loyalties of media spokesmen conducted by Robert Lichter and Stanley Rothman under the auspices of the Research Institute on International Change at Columbia University revealed that 80 per cent of the people we are talking about voted for McGovern in 1972 and Carter in 1980.

3. But knowing that the bias exists does not indicate that the way to contain it is to seize control of one of the bias-makers. A few years ago the Coors brothers (the brewers in Colorado) spent a great deal of money attempting to develop sources of television news that might infiltrate the daily-news period. Polite observers refrained from asking Joe Coors how much money he lost on that one, preferring to congratulate him on the marvelous results of his philanthropic backing of the Heritage Foundation.

4. The principal reason the whole idea won't work goes beyond the problem of coordinating a few million conservatives to buy the stock of CBS. The point is that you cannot buy Dan Rather. Any more than you could, say, "buy" George Will. One supposes that, if he went off to a Carthusian monastery and spent two years reciting the daily news in front of a mirror in such a way as to drain his renditions of ideological inclination, Dan Rather might learn how to succeed.

But probably not: An artist's personality (and Rather is, in his way, an artist) tends to reflect deep commitments.

TWENTY YEARS ago, Patrick Frawley, the energetic West Coast enterpriser who governed Schick Razor and various other successful concerns, approached me with a plan. It was: to buy the *Saturday Evening Post* (then a flourishing weekly) and make out of it a flourishing conservative weekly.

The trouble with that scheme, I told him, is that there isn't available a pool of talent sufficient to bring the idea off. If one were to buy *Time* magazine or *Newsweek* tomorrow, and attempt to replace the local talent with right-wing talent of equivalent skills, one would fail. The pool of right-wing journalistic talent is growing by leaps and bounds. But it hasn't grown yet to the point necessary to accomplish such transmogrifications. And Jesse Helms should be told (indeed I am doing so) that without Dan Rather (using Dan Rather as a synecdoche) CBS loses its lead in the industry. And if it loses its lead in the industry, before long all those shares his friends have bought will not be worth anything, because nobody will be viewing the new conservative broadcasts.

On to another venture. □

CBS v. WESTY

NEW YORK, FEB. 1

AT FOLEY SQUARE in New York City squats the great federal courthouse where judgments major and minor are handed down, among the former being the sentencing, to death—first and only time, under that particular law—of the two Rosenbergs, for helping the Soviet Union get the atomic bomb. One has the feeling there is less animosity in America today toward Soviet spies than toward CBS (Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays), and toward Vietnam War heroes (Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays). A lot of people hate CBS because it is often guilty of chewing up their heroes. And a lot of people hate General Westmoreland because he defended the Vietnam War, in which he fought gladly and, by the way, courageously.

On Monday afternoon you couldn't tell on whose side the little public in the courtroom was. And it was CBS's golden afternoon, because it was devoted to two intertwined acts of theater. The ninety-minute-long documentary Westmoreland is suing CBS over (the plaintiff asks $120 million in damages) was replayed in the courtroom, and stopped every minute or two while the defense lawyer asked the single witness, ex-CIA operative Sam Adams, what he knew about this statement by Westmoreland, or that statement by another CIA chief, or that speech by President Johnson, the answers of course the very best that could honorably be devised by a big-buck law firm. Sam Adams is a principal figure in the case because, ever since 1967, he was a man "obsessed"—the word used by a critic—by his story.

What story?

The story he sold first to George Crile, the CBS producer, then to CBS. It is a story quite easy to relate. In the fall of 1967, President Johnson was getting more and more eager to terminate the Vietnam

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War, and irradiating a sharper and sharper appetite for good news. Good news, in those days, was defined as a diminishing number of Vietcong, on account of the increasing number of VC being killed by American and South Vietnamese troops, or deserting.

Adams claimed that the number of VC who were seeping into South Vietnam, whether as natives or as North Vietnamese, was observably in the neighborhood of twenty or thirty thousand per month. But the figure that went to the Pentagon stayed at about six thousand. Along came Tet, the irruption that changed the course of the war. In the documentary, narrated by Mike Wallace, we see Westmoreland advising us that there were close to fifty thousand dead Vietnamese after Tet. How many wounded? Say three wounded for every one killed, he said on the program. But that makes a total of roughly 200,000 people, and the estimate of the total size of the enemy was not much more than 204,000. Something was obviously wrong. And, to be sure, we lost the war.

Sam Adams is a marvelously skillful witness. Ask him who shared his misgivings about the inaccuracy of the estimates going to Washington and he will sort of recall maybe a dozen people, identifying exactly where they served. Spectators had the feeling that, if asked, he'd have given their Social Security numbers. Ask him whether he defends the action he took working (for pay) for CBS and he speaks in iambic pantameter about the Vietnam War Memorial in Washington, and all those who did not need to die, many of whom did so only because the politics of sycophancy overrode the imperatives of reality.

General Westmoreland's story is very different, and his lawyers have consumed to date 112 hours telling it to the jury. Informed observers of the trial, and it is being meticulously covered, are circling about the following proposition: CBS's treatment of Westmoreland was just plain unfair. But the law hasn't held that unfairness to a public figure is actionable. Well, the law has to change its mind about that right now, because the judge (the Honorable Pierre Leval is highly respected) dismissed CBS's appeal for dismissal of the complaint, which means that he held that the general's complaint was indeed "actionable."

But might that go on to conviction for libel? It would mean that the reckless disregard of the facts, one of the two criteria for suing a public figure, has matured into something more like "a fair presentation of the comprehensive story." No one now thinks CBS gave Westy comprehensively fair treatment. But no one knows what the jury is going to say, and the judge is going to have a hell of a time communicating a charge to the jury that securely piggybacks on Supreme Court doctrine involving public figures.

But whatever happens, history is being written. If CBS wins, forget complaining, if you are a public figure, and are robustly, tendentiously maligned. If CBS loses, we'll never again have quite the fun we've had at the expense of people we like every now and then to hang out there letting them twist slowly, slowly in the wind. □

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

LONDON, FEB. 11

A FEW YEARS AGO, in a television interview, Harold Macmillan brushed away criticism of African tribal behavior by reminding his interlocutor that the British were not all that far removed from, "for instance, packaging our young princes in the walls of the Tower of London." In a way, it hasn't changed all that much: The British are determined to have fun, and, really, they insist on civilized protocols only at coronations and in the royal enclosure at Ascot.

A single day's news, as reported in the *Daily Telegraph*, reminds us of the irrepressibility of the British spirit. The day began when Oxford dons denied an honorary doctorate to Mrs. Thatcher because somebody somewhere cut ten shillings from a scientific subsidy. "The vote rejecting the award of an honorary doctorate in civil law, announced by Mr. Geoffrey Warnock, Oxford's Vice Chancellor, was greeted with applause from academics who packed the building." One notes that academic freedom survives in England. One "senior" professor denounced the gesture as "mean, ineffectual, and humiliating." There are always the spoilsports.

It wasn't only Oxford dons who were having fun that day. So were their students, a team of which traveled to Cambridge to debate the motion, "Resolved, This house reigns supreme." There were problems. "The four-strong Oxford team and about eighty supporters were more than an hour late in arriving, and most were drunk when they left the coach, according to Cambridge students." One of those Cambridge students, Mr. Ainsfield, was more specific: "They marched in singing a rude song about Cambridge, an adapted rugby song. They lifted their president onto their shoulders and tried to storm the Chamber." That was too much for a Cambridge speaker, Mr. (hold your breath) Simon Sebag-Montefiore, who described the visitors as "ugly, drunken, boring, spotty twerps." Just typical Oxford students, they are saying today in Cambridge.

Mrs. Thatcher's troubles were not confined to Oxford. The leader of the Opposition was in full throat. Parliament reporter Godfrey Barker had the story:

"Mr. Kinnock flung down a censure motion on the economy yesterday. Was he grave? Was he outraged? No, just mighty happy. At 3:30 P.M. Neil jumped up like a punter who had just spotted a gap in the field, consulted his pal, marched up to the tote window, and gambled his shirt on a sprinter. [Mrs. Thatcher] roared up in her usual fiery mood. She faced an authentic Welsh wind across the Despatch Box [who had spoken of] 'panic and paralysis,' 'chaos,' 'coming apart at the seams,' etc. This sort of foam, being a substitute for ordered thought by Mr. Kinnock, usually gives the PM no trouble. Yesterday was different"—because the prime minister was not at liberty to disclose fiscal decisions lest the speculators go wild.

Defenders of Mrs. Thatcher aren't by any means silent, and Anthony Lejeune, on the editorial page, undertook to suggest ways by which people who were always saying that other people had no objections to increased largesse for this or that group might take concrete action. "Whenever nurses or schoolmasters demand more pay, union spokesmen always claim that the public is on their side, thinks they deserve the money, and would happily provide it. To which the obvious answer is: 'All right. Let these willing givers give. Establish a Nurses' or Schoolmasters' or Coalminers' More Pay Fund and see what happens.' Similarly, when there's a railway strike, somebody always says that most passengers would prefer to see fares rise a little in order to settle the dispute. To which again there's an easy answer: Put a fare supplement box in every station. That would produce the money, wouldn't it?" Waall . . . But of course that is Mr. Lejeune's point.

BUT, IN England, life must absolutely go on, and the Court Circular reminds us that it does. During all these frolics, at least one couple was taking life & duty seriously. "The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived at Bridgend Station in the Royal Train this morning. Their Royal Highnesses subsequently visited Align-Rite Ltd. at the Mid Glamorgan High Tech Science Park, Bridgend, and afterwards visited the Bridgend College of Technology, Cowbridge Road.

"The Prince of Wales, President, the Royal Jubilee and Prince's Trusts, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, this afternoon visited the premises of recipients of Youth Business Initiative, bursaries in Mid and South Glamorgan."

But is there a Third Act? Yes! "Their Royal Highnesses, attended by Mr. David Roycroft and Mrs. George West, returned to London in an aircraft of the Queen's Flight." □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

EDMUND ROBB:

The Secularist NCC

At the root of the problem is the secularization of the church. The NCC has substituted revolution for religion. I believe that Christians have an obligation to work for social justice. But there will be no justice without freedom. [From an article by Rael Jean Isaac, *Reader's Digest*, January 1983.]

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

INTELLIGENT, ATHLETIC (tenhocbaskbbasbfoobgo-etc.) man, 32, desires like woman for companion to stray with into amaranthine fields. If you love Russell Kirk's *A Creature of the Twilight*, best be prepared for a romance. Write NR Box 4037.

PETITE CHIC WIDOW, 65, Catholic Bostonian, Ivy-educated, political liberal, moral conservative, seeks friendship (marriage?) with compatible widower. Former teacher, editor, publicist; enjoys: cities, museums, theaters, Bach, books, fine food, homemaking (but not housekeeping!), one yappy pooch, personal independence. Write NR Box 4035.

REACTIONARY journalist/writer, NYC; tall, dark, 36, expatriate Californian; seeks pretty girl ready for marriage, kids, country life. No smokers. Photo please. Write NR Box 3873.

JOYFUL, PRETTY MANHATTAN female, 47, enjoys Solzhenitsyn, C. S. Lewis, Verdi, Bach, MMA, sun, soccer, Des Artistes dining, city life, own kids. Seeks confident, high-quality male, 35-60. Write NR Box 4027.

MILITARY OFFICER, 28, white male, seeks correspondence with ladies, 19-30. Interested in travel, history, libertarian philosophy. I am Catholic, with traditional family outlook. Write NR Box 4036.

DELIGHTFUL LADY would like correspondence with gentleman over 60 who appreciates traditional values, zany humor, and himself! Write NR Box 4011.

TALL, INTELLIGENT, HANDSOME objectivist grad student, central Illinois. Loves Rand, Buckley, Springsteen, looking for Dagny Taggart. Write NR Box 4023.

NICE-LOOKING, LUCID, single white female, 30, with all-around healthy outlook on life would like to meet a normal, decent guy, especially one with kids since I can't have any of my own. Besides kids, I enjoy New Orleans, questions of ethics, otters, and Martell's Cordon Bleu. Write NR Box 4028.

SLIM, GREGARIOUS CATHOLIC woman, in international commerce, enjoys parties, social work, Loehmann's, and the Jersey shore; seeks honest, interesting, successful man, 40ish, with an offbeat sense of humor. Write NR Box 4020.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Descriptive of some pine — 70 112 39 66 17 129

B. Part of the earth's atmosphere — 43 160 9 131 114 167 22 77 89 58

C. Desk items (or bouncy rock groups?) (2 words) — 67 106 34 134 145 81 88 49 21 113 / 40

D. Capital of Nepal — 60 141 41 133 157 91 83 20

E. Futile — 168 54 8 121 73 38 105 29 95

F. Attachments of the heart — 164 110 56 149 69 103 94 15 156 42

G. Closed hand (2 words) — 108 90 28 18 130 48 68 139 1

H. Bargain-basement event (2 words) — 62 124 76 155 23 92 3 100 138 128 / 33

I. Latin phrase widely used by jurists — 159 64 82 169 163 10 146 101 120

J. Part of the large intestine, or of a sentence — 32 151 51 126 172

K. Hillock — 63 161 84 116 50

L. *Frequently* — 55 16 125 74 107

M. Dined, trout-style — 59 30 79 123 11 99 143

N. Jay Silverheels played the role — 118 72 142 52 102

O. Aaron's forte (2 words) — 104 166 14 19 136 147 31

P. Sufficient — 35 85 162 117 7 45

Q. Throws into confusion — 97 152 2 111 127 44 80 24

R. Small wares, of an era gone by — 37 115 173 13 109 71 144

S. Netherlands port — 5 53 158 87 36 148 93 135 78

T. Step-by-step expansion — 171 140 150 65 25 12 46 119 86 165

U. Man of great relativity — 154 61 170 122 98 132 6 27

V. Upright jamb — 153 47 4 137 96 26 75 57

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

■	■	■	■	1 G	2 Q	3 H	■	4 V	5 S	6 U	7 P	8 E	9 B	10 I	11 M
■	12 T	13 R	14 O	■	15 F	16 L	■	17 A	18 G	19 O	■	20 D	21 C	■	22 B
23 H	24 Q	■	25 T	26 V	27 U	28 G	■	29 E	30 M	31 O	32 J	33 H	■	34 C	35 P
36 S	37 R	■	38 E	39 A	40 C	41 D	■	42 F	43 B	44 Q	45 P	46 T	■	47 V	48 G
■	49 C	50 K	51 J	■	52 N	53 S	54 E	■	55 L	56 F	57 V	58 B	59 M	■	60 D
61 U	62 H	63 K	64 I	65 T	66 A	67 C	68 G	69 F	70 A	■	71 R	72 N	73 E	74 L	75 V
■	76 H	77 B	78 S	79 M	80 Q	81 C	82 I	■	83 D	84 K	■	85 P	86 T	87 S	■
88 C	89 B	90 G	91 D	92 H	■	93 S	94 F	95 E	96 V	97 Q	98 U	99 M	100H	■	101I
102N	■	103F	104O	105E	■	106C	107L	■	108G	109R	■	110F	111Q	112A	113C
■	114B	115R	116K	117P	118N	119T	120I	121E	122U	■	123M	124H	125L	■	126J
127Q	128H	129A	■	130G	131B	■	132U	133D	134C	135S	136O	137V	138H	139G	140T
■	141D	142N	143M	■	144R	145C	146I	147O	148S	149F	■	150T	151J	152Q	153V
154U	155H	156F	157D	158S	159I	160B	161K	■	162P	163I	■	164F	165T	■	166O
167B	168E	169I	170U	171T	172J	173R	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

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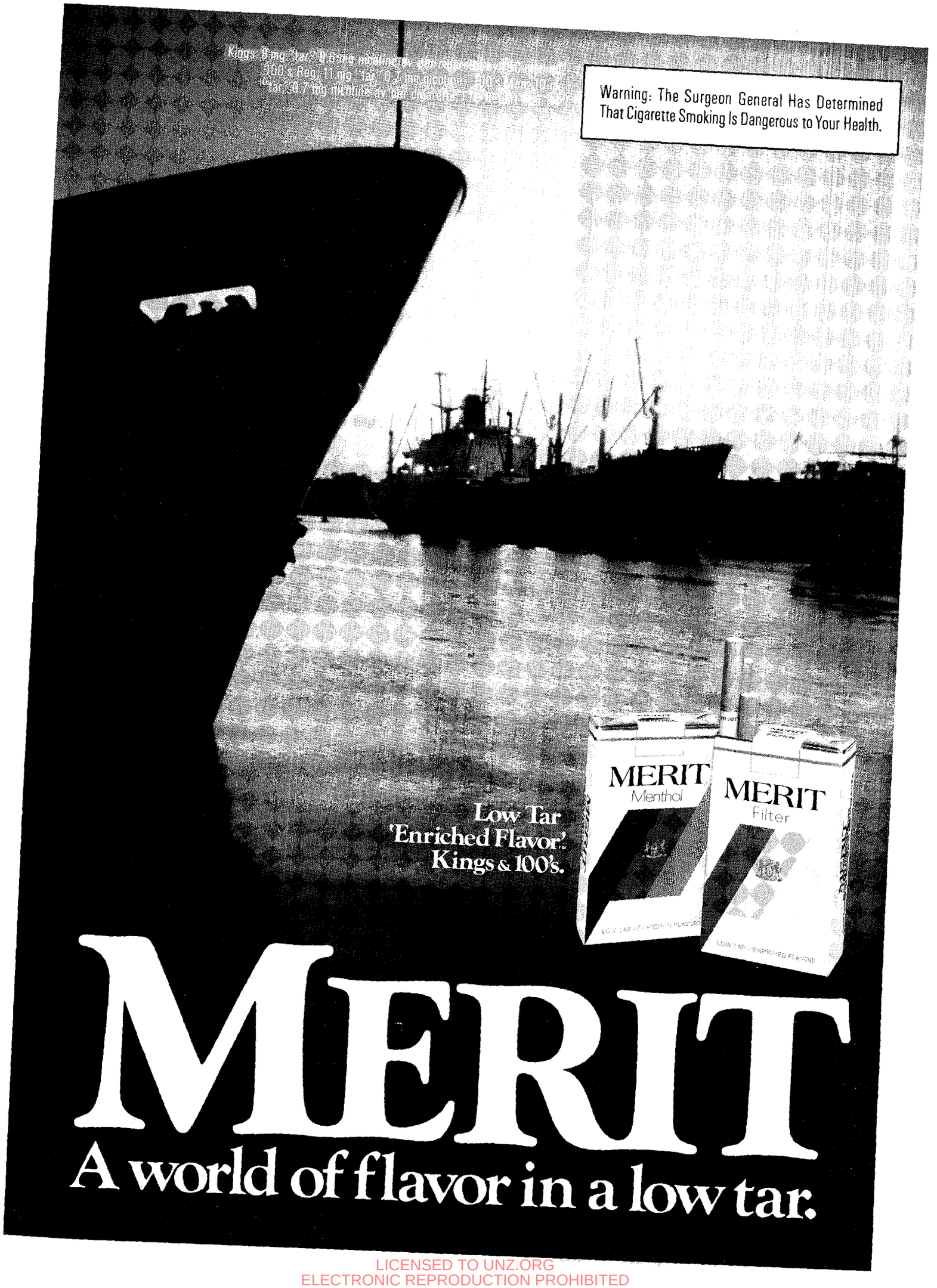

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